

THE
ADVENTURES
OF AN
AUTHOR.

ADVENTURES



THE *John Atall*
K
ADVENTURES

OF AN
A U T H O R.

WRITTEN BY
HIMSELF AND A FRIEND.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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BY



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Printed for R. and J. Johnson and R. Taylor, in Pall-mall.

MDCCLXXIII

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THE
ADVENTURES

OF AN
AUTHOR.

CHAP. I.

Introduction.

THE ideas of authorship and poverty are so immediately connected, that after a man has once read Locke, and understood him, they are ever after looked upon as a part of the same complex idea of mixt modes. I would, however, endeavour analytically to separate them, and by deduction prove, that it is possible for a man, though he may be infected

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with a very inveterate *cacoëthes scribendi*, to be possessed of a clean shirt and a guinea.

And, first, though it frequently happens among the brethren of the quill, that many *are starved into writing*, I believe it will be found upon examination that full as many are *starved out of it*: for what with the tyranny of patentees and booksellers, the additional taxes upon paper and publication, and the little attention of the town to works of *genius*, not to say *merit*, it is fifty to one, if an author does not happen to start at the change of a ministry, the breaking out of a war, or the shooting of an admiral, that he does not go nine months with an empty belly, before he sells out of the bank of Parnassus, and leave the muses to starve by themselves upon *ideal* nectar and *imaginary* ambrosia, to carry a brown musket, or
try

try his fortune upon Bagshot-heath. But then the misfortune is, that *once a captain always a captain*. - An author who may have scribbled a letter of half a column in a public newspaper, if known to be the writer of it, will live and die with the *fame* or *infamy* of the character, and be pointed at as a *genius* in every coffee-house he may accidentally pop his head in, though he be carried off with a leaden fever, or chance to go backward up Oxford-street, for having by the shortness of his memory (*the prerogative of all great wits*) forgot his name in indorsing a banker's draught, or signing his last will and testament.

For this reason, I would not have it be believed, that every man who may accidentally be seen writing in public, in a shabby coat, a dirty shirt, and a fluxed periwig, is absolutely and *bona fide* an author by profession; for I am

well assured that Addison never wore a shirt above three days, that Steele had at least two suits of cloaths a year, and that even Johnson is shaved, and has his wig dressed, at least once a week. The truth is, that hackney attorneys clerks, news collectors, and penny-post men, are very frequently mistaken for men of letters, for no other reason than because they write in public, and look like pick-pockets.

A good physiognomist will always discover a man of real genius, *that is an author*: it is true we do not look like other people—but then our distinguishing marks are not those of poverty, vermin, and misery; we generally put the best side outwards; for though we live in a garret, it is ten to five but we wear a laced coat in public, and have a clean shirt on, though we lie in bed till it is washed: therefore it is not from our dress that we can

can be so certainly ascertained as from the vivacity of our eye—the absence of our look—the carelessness of our attitudes—the nonchalance of our behaviour—and, above all, the pedantry of our conversation. Sooner than make a false concord, or an error in pronunciation, we would rather forget paying our reckoning at the bar, or, indeed, calling for any thing to pay for.

In a word, an author is a perfect phenomenon, in many respects incomprehensible and unaccountable—he should therefore be studied with much attention by any philosopher or lexicographer who would chuse to define him: he will, perhaps, upon a closer inspection, be found a being more deserving of the indulgence of society, than he is usually considered, and this is not saying too much in his favour, when we reflect upon the

sacrifices he makes to the public, first by employing the most valuable part of his life in their service; and secondly, his intense application, which must necessarily prejudice his health, and of course interrupt the concoction of laudable chyle—whence arises such a puny race of authors, who stand so little chance of making their fortunes, by the robustness of their persons, or the floridity of their countenances; and hence it is, in the present state of things, as experience woefully proves, a chairman or a coachman has much more reason to expect carrying off an heiress, than a sedentary bard, with delicate sensations and a susceptible mind.

So much for apology—so much for introduction—and I hope reader, gentle, or ungentle, you are satisfied with your master of the ceremonies, who, Sir Clement like, will usher you
into

into the presence of THE AUTHOR,
without any farther punctilio or
etiquette.

I should have been in your hands
a long time ago, if I had not been
so much engaged in my present
business, which I am now pursuing
with great diligence. I am, however,
glad to hear that you are well, and
hope that you will continue to be so.
I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
J. H. P.

B. 4 CHAP.

C H A P. II.

*The progress of our hero's learning.
Some juvenile exploits. The ridiculous situation of an ignorant pedagogue, pretty highly coloured.*

IT should seem that it were of little or no consequence where a man drew his first breath, without some physical causes could be assigned for his being a greater wit, a better man, or a more egregious fool, by having been born in one spot rather than another: so that I should imagine I had been guilty of no omission in not pointing out whether I was begot in Nova-Zembla, or under the line, upon the continent of Europe, or on the fatal northern side of the Tweed, did not the reputation of an author, in these critical days, so greatly depend upon
upon

upon his having been lucky enough to be brought forth on this side of Berwick; and it is for this reason, and this reason only, that I shall descend to some particulars concerning the place of my nativity.

Know then, that on the 26th day of March, in the year of our Lord 1726, I drew my first breath in the town of Stockton, in the county of Durham: that my father was an honest man, and my mother, I hope, a virtuous woman. My father was in such circumstances as enabled him to give me as good an education as the country afforded: that is to say, I was put to writing and accounts, and learnt Latin before I could speak English. I could construe Horace and Virgil, before I knew what was an idea; and made Latin verses long before I had learnt whether Great-Britain was an island, or part of the

continent. There can be no doubt that I was a genius when I wrote ænigmas at twelve years old, and was a correspondent to the printer of the York Courant ere I was fourteen.

My father thought I had parts superior to a farmer, and my mother considered me as a prodigy: I was introduced at fourteen into the Saturday night's club, and consulted upon the change of weather, the cause of heat and cold, and a hundred other things that I knew nothing of; but which I explained constantly to the satisfaction of the members, and always astonished them with my learning, by concluding my observations with a quotation from Martial or Pliny, which as they did not understand, it was no way necessary that it should be pertinent: but their applause was constantly in proportion to their ignorance.

It

It was not surprising that being thus swollen with my own importance, I should begin to discover that my master and his assistants were a parcel of blockheads; and this I soon effectually proved, to the satisfaction of every one of my school-fellows, who were by this time ripe for rebellion, and only waited for a favourable opportunity of throwing off the scholastic yoke.

We had, with impunity, robbed all the orchards for the whole summer, without any one daring to call us to account—the farmers complained they had not a pear or a peach for their own eating; but we thought this was too delicious food for them; and had more care of their health than to let them labour under any of those disorders, which are incidental to the eating of too much fruit. If our master did not make an example of

us for these petty thefts, he did not fail complaining to our parents; and I had frequent remonstrances from my father, who had suffered in common with the rest of his neighbours: but I constantly denied being an accomplice, though I was at that very time afflicted with a violent diarrhæa, from too close an application to our stolen repast.

We consulted together, upon a representation being made of this underhand dealing of our master, and resolved to be revenged of him. We put jalap in his drink, and contrived it so, that he more than once gave odoriferous testimony of the accidents which befel him. His patience was exhausted—he had found out that some of us had been to the apothecary's, and that a quantity of jalap had been bought, which had been carefully administered to him. He put the question

question to us all, with threats and menaces; but we were proof against his terrors: he now endeavoured to bribe us into confession, but this had as little effect: finding he could no way have his revenge of us by conviction—*he said it did not signify, he was resolved to make an example of some of us,* and therefore ordered us to cast lots, when it fell to the share of three to be flogged. He had prepared a very large rod the night before, with which he was himself to do execution the next day: but we took care to add some additional preparatives to his flagillating instrument: to this end we purchased two pennyworth of corking pins, which we artfully stuck into that part of the rod he was to lay hold of, so as not to be visible, but to make their way upon the least pressure: add to this he had *unknowingly* taken a larger
dose

dose than usual of jalap that morning in his ale.

The hour of execution approached, and he anticipated by his looks the revenge he was going to take. He ordered the first that was to be flagellated to be horsed, when his breeches being let down, and he was disposed to receive the punishment, he took down the rod, and looking wishfully at it, he said, " I warrant, my lad, this will make you remember jalap another time." He now grasped the handle part of the rod, and lifting his arm to give the first stroke, cried out like a stuck pig, his hand streaming with blood from the numerous punctures; but he had no time to attend to his wounds—the jalap operated, and he flew down stairs like a madman, leaving traces of *all* his misfortunes every step he took.

The

The mirth which this occasioned is inconceivable—a general laugh took place—the culprit, already horsed, was the first to give the risible signal, and the very ushers could hardly contain themselves; they held their sides whilst they were ready to burst. He heard the shouts of mirth at his expence, whilst he was endeavouring to clean himself, and bind up his wounds, by the help of his wife, and one of the maids, who, by this time, were come to his assistance, with rags for his hand, and clouts for the other part. He could not muster resolution enough to appear again that day in school; but sent orders to the ushers to execute the sentence with double severity: this they however prudently declined, knowing very well the danger of such an office.

C H A P. III.

A sketch of the present practice of the law, and the miserable state of thirty thousand limbs; attempted to be controverted by an anecdote of a certain great man.

I Did not remain long after this at school; I was sent up to town to the care of an uncle, who was an attorney in Clifford's Inn. Of him I was to learn law, equity, and jurisprudence: the first he was altogether ignorant of, except in the common forms of practice; the second he studiously avoided; and the third was a matter he had never considered. I was, however, articled to him in the usual manner, and stood a fair chance of following his precepts and

and example, of making a very good, and as times go, an honest attorney.

I soon learnt the law hands, and was presently considered as an excellent clerk: but by the time I had acquired all my master's knowledge, I found myself initiated only in the labyrinth of chicanery, and not the paths of justice; and that nothing but accident had thrown business into his way, preferable to thirty thousand attorneys who starve upon their title, or submit to ingross, and clean shoes, for ten shillings a week.

This discovery gave me a very melancholy prospect of my future expectancies — my ultimate perspective was parchment, poverty, strife, and misery. Besides, my genius was no way disposed to act the part of a mere machine; transcribing forms without amendment or alteration: methought I was destined for nobler pursuits,
than

than being chained for life to a desk, with as little prospect of relief as a galley slave, the principal difference between us consisting in the size of the oar we were tugging at; nay, in some other respects, his situation was preferable to mine—a variety of places and objects presented themselves to his view, which served to divert his melancholy; and by the exercise he took, and the element he worked upon, his health was preserved, and his spirits supported. Whereas, by my sedentary destination, and want of wholesome air, my constitution was already impaired, and my natural volatile spirits greatly depressed.

I could not help sometimes, in the height of my spleen, communicating my sentiments to my brother slaves; but I know not through what medium they saw things, or whether they imagined miracles were still to be

be

be wrought in their favour, though it was so long since the time of the apostles ; but when I represented to them their wretched state, they answered they were *gentlemen* : they pointed out to me the number of *lawyers* who lived in affluence, and wallowed in riches—they enumerated the variety of lucrative employments in their department—the number of members in the *house* who were of their vocation—how many lord chief justices had risen from the desk—and that the present lord chancellor himself was known to many of them in his clerkship. One of my brother quill-drivers, who had a knack at telling stories, used generally to wind up the whole, with an anecdote, as he called it, of his lordship's elevation and gratitude.

“ You all know, he would say,
 “ what a great man his lordship is ;
 “ that

“ that there is nobody who ever came
 “ to the bar, that has more shining
 “ abilities; and that all his sons are
 “ sensible men, and ornaments to the
 “ state.—Well, sir, you know very
 “ well, or at least should know, that
 “ his father was not very rich, and
 “ that he was an articled clerk to
 “ Mr. ———, the solicitor, in ———
 “ ———. His master was a very ho-
 “ nest man, though a lawyer; and he
 “ had a great deal of practice for
 “ being esteemed such: but then he
 “ had his weaknesses as a man—he
 “ loved his bottle and his pipe; and
 “ spent his money as fast as he got
 “ it. He sometimes came home half-
 “ seas over, nay more than once a
 “ month he would be led home by
 “ the watchman. Phil was always
 “ up when his master returned from
 “ the tavern, and he constantly found
 “ him employed with a book; he
 “ had

“ had already signalized himself, by
 “ his assiduity and attention, as a very
 “ good clerk, and this constant appli-
 “ cation to study out of business
 “ hours, had given his master the
 “ highest opinion of him. One
 “ night his master returned later than
 “ usual, and not a little mellow;
 “ when finding Phil earnestly pe-
 “ rusing my lord Coke, he said to
 “ him, Phil, I want to have some
 “ conversation with you—we must
 “ drink a bottle, and smoke a pipe to-
 “ gether before we go to bed: Phil
 “ modestly declined the invitation,
 “ humbly remonstrating the lateness
 “ of the hour, and the propriety of
 “ his master’s taking some rest; but
 “ these remonstrances were of no
 “ avail, a bottle and pipes were pro-
 “ duced, and after a glass or two,
 “ Phil’s master began to open his
 “ mind. Look ye, Phil, said he, I
 “ have

" have observed, for some time, your
 " vigilance and industry, and I have
 " also observed the quickness of your
 " genius, and the strength of your
 " judgment: now, says he, when I
 " consider also your application to
 " useful studies—I am convinced you
 " will be a very shining ornament to
 " your profession—I am certain you
 " will be a very great man." Phil
 modestly bowed, imputing these compliments to the operation of the liquor he drank. " Why look ye,
 " Phil, continued he, you may think
 " I am drunk, and don't know what
 " I say, but you are mistaken—I tell
 " you you'll be lord chancellor of
 " England; and if ever you are, will
 " you grant me a favour?" Phil
 smiled, and promised he would, " Why
 " then, said he, when you are chan-
 " cellor, as I am pretty certain you
 " will be, and as I advance in years,
 4 " and

“ and have made very little provision
 “ for my family, notwithstanding the
 “ extensiveness of my practice, very
 “ probably my affairs may then be
 “ upon the decline, and your assist-
 “ ance may be very useful to me—
 “ will you, I say, Phil, promise me the
 “ place of one of the registers of the
 “ court of chancery, which will then
 “ be in your gift, upon the first va-
 “ cancy? Phil promised if ever such
 “ a transition in his fortune, which
 “ he had no reason to expect, should
 “ happen, he certainly would not
 “ forget his old master. Ere a few
 “ years had elapsed, he gradually arose
 “ to that dignity, without having
 “ seen or heard from his master, from
 “ the time of the expiration of his
 “ clerkship. Soon after Phil’s ar-
 “ riving at his high dignity, the va-
 “ cancy his master had desired to fill,
 “ happened; and a day or two after
 “ he

“ he was waited upon by him, when
 “ after some compliments -passing,
 “ and the chancellor’s remonstrating
 “ to him his inattention in not calling
 “ to see him, the solicitor acquainted
 “ the chancellor with his errand, and
 “ that he was now come to remind
 “ him of his promise, which he had
 “ given the night he came from the
 “ tavern, when they drank a bottle
 “ together, and he had so justly fore-
 “ told his elevation. The chancel-
 “ lor appeared somewhat surpris’d at
 “ this remonstrance, saying, he was
 “ very sorry he had not applied two
 “ days before, as he had actually dis-
 “ posed of the place to an acquaint-
 “ ance ; and that if he would step in
 “ to his secretary, he would inform
 “ him of the person ; and he doubted
 “ not he should meet with his appro-
 “ bation in the choice he had made :
 “ upon the solicitor’s application, he
 “ found

“ found the patent was made out in
 “ his own name.”

This story was generally followed with half a dozen more, all tending to prove that the business of a lawyer's clerk was a gentleman's vocation, and that it was the first step towards riches, fame, and honours: but they never made a convert of me, my infidelity was too deeply rooted to be so easily removed, and we generally ended equally unsatisfied and unconvinced.

C H A P. IV.

*The nominal chapter—short, sweet, and
pithy.*

IT is really astonishing that I should have got thus far into my adventures, and have omitted a circumstance, that may be considered as the most material of all—which is neither more nor less than my name: if my name remains a secret, you will probably say, who the devil are you? To this I shall answer in a manner equally pertinent—*Not knowing me argues yourself unknown* *—and, I think, if I may be allowed a pun, for the first time, this is a *devilish* good answer. Why then, sir, to tell you the truth, I have, in the commerce of this world, been obliged so often to change my name, as well as appearance, that it

* Vide the devil in Milton.

requires

requires a greater memory than wits are generally endowed with, to remember my primitive appellation. Whether it was Hercules Vinegar, Zachary Barebones, Thomas Touchit, Gregory Pounce, Philo Britannicus, Civilis, Crito, Cenfor, Marcus Aurelius, Philanthropos, Brutus, Cæsar, Marcus Antoninus, Mercator, Nauticus, Cato, Tullius Cicero, Theatricus, Sejanus, Anti-Sejanus, or Pro bono Publico, I cannot positively at this present writing ascertain. But as it may be necessary, in the course of these adventures, to distinguish myself by some certain denomination, you may, if you please, for the future call me Jack Atall, a name which I believe is spick and span new, and therefore, upon that account, not devoid of merit.

By this substitution I have got over one great difficulty, and which was, what I was afraid would prove an in-

surmountable obstacle to the pursuing of my adventures, namely the being obliged, as I apprehended, to speak throughout this whole performance in the first person singular. As I have an utter detestation of *egotism*, I began already to be disgusted at this performance, though I had got no farther than the fourth chapter, and had not yet so much as revealed my name.

Having, then, removed this difficulty, and paved the way for a pretty easy manner of writing, I shall now resume the thread of this narration, in the adventures of John Atall, poet, author, lawyer, metaphysician, sentence-monger, politician, and chapman.

C H A P. V.

Jack Atall's progress in the law—his dramatic efforts, and their success. His first tumble into love. The raillery of his mistress, and the success of his rival.

I Suppose, reader, you begin to think Jack Atall, whether at Stockton in the county of Durham, or at his uncle's writing-desk in Clifford's Inn, a very hopeful youth; but this is not at all surprising, he was *far north*, and *master too*—Uncle was a lawyer, and, consequently, without recollecting his country, a very honest gentleman—like master like man to a proverb. But stop—or else this career of proverbs may, perhaps, lead me farther than I intended—a spice of them is very savoury, properly thrown into a

ness of either politics, divinity, morals, or romance. But as we have no design to introduce 'squire Sancho Panza, either titularly or sentimentally, we shall cut the thread of common-place sayings, and begin afresh upon this our story.

Jack had now been already one year copying of deeds, ingrossing of parchments, and conveying of estates—but let it not be imagined he confined his ideas intirely to law: no, he would now and then relax from the fatigues of business, take a slice of George Barnwell, or a shilling touch at Jane Shore. Jack had read some comedies, and more tragedies; and he thought, he entered into the wit of Congreve, and the flights of Shakespear: this is almost enough for a young fellow to have an itch for spouting; but this was not all: he fancied he had a good voice, and an agree-

agreeable figure—that he was graceful in his action, and happy in his pronunciation. Upon these principles he studied the soliloquy in Hamlet, the balcony scene in Romeo, and the smothering scene in Othello. He was informed there was a spouting-club in Fetter-lane, and he soon had the honour of becoming a member. This inclination for acting increased with his success at the club, and from the applause he met with from his fellow-members—

To be, or not to be—
was now no question with him; he had already resolved upon dedicating his future studies to Melpomene and Thalia—leaving blind justice to courts of law and inns of court.

But this was not the work of an hour, though he had taken the resolution in half the time: there were

two very material obstacles to surmount;—the first was the remainder of the time he had to serve his uncle, and the next, the approbation of a theatrical manager. The first of these he saw no relief for but time and patience; and he was in hopes by perseverance, to get acquainted with some person of consequence enough to introduce him to the dramatic monarch. In the mean while he read Shakespear with admiration, and spoke him with enthusiasm. His knowledge of the dead languages enabled him to throw many lights upon this sublime bard, which he thought had hitherto escaped all his commentators; and this surprising depth of criticism and erudition gained him more applause amongst his competitors in acting, than all his spouting powers. The loquacious barber was greatly astonished at his quotations from Aristotle, having

having never in his life once thought about the unity of time or place: the voiceferous cheesemonger was still more astonished to hear him distinguish episodes, protasis, epitasis, catastasis, catastrophe; and the journeyman taylor, who was reckoned the best performer of them all, in tragedy, but who did not know an *alpha* from an *omega*, swore by Jafus he could not tell what the devil he was talking about with his dactyls and spondee.

Jack's learning had, however, upon the whole, brought him into some repute in this honourable society, and though every member really thought in his heart, that all the rest were greatly inferior to him in his particular walk, yet they always submitted to his decisions, when he attempted to rectify any error in pronunciation, the misplacing of emphasis, or the improper division of quantity.

The journeyman taylor had hitherto constantly spoke the speech of Lothario in his challenge to Altamont;

Distant from the town ;

Two mile amongst the rocks :

and he attempted to support the rectitude of it, by so great an authority as Mr. Garrick's ; but Jack at last subdued even his opinion so well supported, and made him acknowledge, that *he did not understand the speech ; but that nevertheless he believed it was nonsense.*

The path of poetry is the direct road to love ; he who reads Otway and Rowe with sentiment, will soon find something that urges him to act a real part in the scenes he has been rehearsing. Jack was now in his seventeenth year, and was far from being backward of his age—the tonsor had already performed his operations upon

upon his upper lip, and he was in pleasing expectation that his chin would soon undergo the same discipline. He had a particular disgust at being thought a beardless boy, and had antedated the growth of hair upon that part by the substitution of pulverized charcoal. This may point out that he was desirous of being thought a man; but this does not so clearly prove the reason. A young lady in the neighbourhood, daughter to a cheesemonger, had attracted his attention, and he was already so much of a lover, that he was not without a rival: the only superiority he could perceive in his rival was the advantage of years—an advantage seldom duly considered, but at this critical point of life. Jack viewed his broad shoulders with jealousy, and when he turned and displayed his black beard, our hero was almost in despair. Yet
 he

he had no reason to complain of his mistress's cruelty—she would walk with him of a Sunday in the Park, and frequently, in vacation-time, condescend to drink tea with him at Islington, of a week-day. It was then that he poured out his whole soul, and in raptures spoke his favourite speech in *Castalio*,

Where am I? surely paradise is round me,
&c. &c. &c.

he would incessantly repeat, and not without receiving her applause—she would tell him he was the very picture of Garrick—that their eyes and complexion were exactly alike; and that he every day the more resembled him. This last observation would sting him to the soul, and stop the full career of all his tragedy heroism. What, he would say to himself, can my resemblance of that great man fail in, but
in

in point of beard? This he thought the rub, and, therefore, in the full resolution of being Garrick himself, the powdered charcoal was the next day most amply applied.

Sophy, for that was Jack's mistress's name, when she saw him, could not help smiling, and jocosely asked him if he had washed his face? Yes, he would say, but I have not been shaved to-day.—No; she would reply, nor yesterday neither. Such an attack upon a man's virility might have disconcerted a hero of more effrontery than Jack, especially when his rival was present, with a genuine long beard. From this moment being fairly laughed out of his manhood, he laid aside all hopes of success with the fair Sophia: read tragedy deeper than ever—mouthed all the dagger scenes with more than foaming anger; and repeated, with surprising energy, that insulting passage

sage to the ladies in the Orphan, where
Castalio says,

I'd leave the world for him that hates a woman :
Woman, the fountain of all human frailty !
What mighty ills have not been done by woman ?
Who wa'st betray'd the Capitol ? a woman.
Who lost Mark Antony the world ? a woman.
Who was the cause of a long ten years war,
And laid at last old Troy in ashes ? woman !
Woman to man first as a blessing giv'n ;
When innocence and love were in their prime,
Happy a while in paradise they lay ;
But guilty woman *long'd* to go astray ;
Some foolish new adventure needs must prove ;
And the first devil she saw she chang'd her love.
To his temptations lewdly she inclin'd
Her soul, and for an apple damn'd mankind.

After an ample discharge of such
crudities from his stomach, he began
to relish the dose of life somewhat
better ; and though his chin was as
smooth as ever, his indignation was
not a little gratified, upon the virtuous
Sophia's being brought to bed of a
young

young *blacksmith*, the miniature representative of his bristly rival, whom her father compelled to join hands in lawful wedlock, with his distressed mistress—and from the gay, volatile coquette, she soon descended, as her fate decreed, to a very Cyclops.

One mistress being thus taken off his hands, Jack began to consider the sex through a juster medium—he was now of opinion, that if goddesses would be guilty of such pas pas tricks, that mere women, who had never appeared to him in any other shape than mortal, might certainly be subject to all the frailties of humanity; and his curiosity, or something else, excited him to make a few experiments, whereby he might judge of the rectitude of his conclusions.

consider their two positions as playing into each other's hands for the entertainment and enjoyment of the public.

C H A P.

C H A P. VI.

Some account of Mr. Atall's abilities for an actor. Resorts to the disputing clubs, to improve his effrontery.

A curious question, as curiously discussed, and wherein Mr. Atall displays his oratorical abilities. Prepares to wait upon the manager.

A Spouting lawyer's clerk is, I believe, at this time of day, no very uncommon thing; and I believe also that the stage is more indebted to the inns of court than to either of the universities for its greatest ornaments: on the other hand also, the theatre has, in our time, been a school for the orators of the bar; so that we may consider these two professions as playing into each other's hands, for the entertainment and emolument of the public.

public. Jack had these examples before his eyes, and was therefore willing to consider his apprenticeship to the law, as a prelude to his journeyman'ship upon the stage: he was not, however, destitute of hopes, when out of his time, of setting up for himself, as he thought he was furnished with a pretty good stock of theatrical learning, and that he had no bad shew-board to display it to the best advantage: but he very well knew there were some ingredients in this trade that could not be acquired but by perseverance, such as ease, expression, deportment, and the like; but these he hoped to make up for by a very genteel assortment, which he had by him, of modest assurance, and which he took every opportunity to improve.

To this end, Jack frequented the Robin-Hood, and other disputing clubs,

clubs, where he constantly spoke, right or wrong ; it being a rule with him to pay no attention to the question itself, but to utter as many words, phrases, and sentences, as would fill up the space of five minutes, and to go through this with a composed countenance, and an apparent, significant look. By these means he acquired no small reputation as an orator, and would frequently bring over his adversaries, who argued with full as much reason and rhetoric as himself, but were deficient in his persuasive manner.

The question one night upon the book was—" As we are taught that
 " the supreme being has produced no
 " animal, reptile, or insect, but for
 " our use and advantage, it would be
 " an instruction to the proposer of
 " this question, to know the utility
 " and

“and benefit we derive from fleas,
“bugs, and lice?”

—A certain needy author, who has since shone in a brighter sphere than his then present vortex, first spoke to this question.

“Mr. President, said he, it appears to me that this question is duplex or two-fold; and that it is establishing the *minor* before the *major* is allowed, which is very unlogical, and can be no way conclusive. First to assert, that we are taught the Supreme Being has produced no animal, reptile, or insect, but for our use and advantage, is not alledging that this doctrine is universally adopted—we are taught many things we don't believe, and many things that were formerly believed, as well in natural philosophy as ethics, are now exploded: it was formerly universally believed that the earth was placed immutably in the center of the universe,

universe, and that the sun, moon, and other planets revolved round it—but we are now convinced of our error.— We were all formerly papists, but we are no longer such, and if we go still farther back, we were heathens and idolators. I could, if my time would allow, Mr. President, enlarge upon these various objects, and thence more particularly decree how liable human nature is to error; therefore be not surpris'd that I should contradict so great an authority as Mr. Pope, when he says

“ Whatever is, is right.”

Will any rational being, devoid of prejudice, tell me that it is right I should starve—perish by inches—be racked with the gout—tortured with the stone—plundered by robbers—ruined by relations, and those whom I the most dearly cherished—held in
captivity

captivity by tyrants, or murdered by ruffians?—Yet, sir, such pictures are every where before us—they are not the effect of a distempered indignation, but the offspring of nature—existing realities. And this doctrine, this thesis, this position, must be previously established, ere we agree that all reptiles, animals, and insects were produced for the benefit and advantage of mankind. No, Mr. President, I can never agree that there is any rectitude in our being miserable, and so we must be whilst we continue in pain, and as these loathsome insects are so immediately the agents of pain, whilst they continue about us, I am far from thinking that they are of any kind of utility; but, on the contrary, am of opinion, they cannot be too speedily demolished, as the manifest foes of ease and contentment. And therefore, Mr. President, I conclude of the
nega-

negative side of the question, that they are of no utility to society."

Mr. Stich, the journeyman taylor and orator, next rose up, and spoke to the following effect :

"Mr. President, though I do not pretend to enter so *learnedly*, I believe I can enter full as *feelingly* into the debate, as the worthy gentleman who spoke last ; I shall not consider whether we were all formerly papists, or presbyterians, or methodists ; or whether the sun turns round the stars, or the stars round the moon : all these things, I shall, Mr. President, leave to astrologers, almanac makers, and divines : but I am firmly of opinion, Mr. President, as to bugs, fleas, and lice, they can be of no use to us, and if any gentleman of this worthy society could point out their use, it would be a great discovery ; and I believe I should soon make my fortune ; for they

are

are articles I am largely concerned in: but as the matter stands, I never got any good by them—so far from it, my master lost a customer, and I my perquisite, last week, by reason of his finding two lice upon a new coat I carried home—my wife's hands and face are blistered all over with the bugs—and the fleas even bite me: so that, upon the whole, I am of the negative side of the question, and am firmly of opinion that I should be full as happy, without either bugs, fleas, or even lice."

Mr. Atall thought, upon Mr. Stitch's sitting down, it was time to rise.

"Mr. President (said Jack) both the gentlemen who have favoured us with their sentiments upon this question, seem to have mistaken entirely its tendency; so far from entering into a physical consideration upon the utility

lity of these insects, the first flew out into a rhapsody upon astronomy and religion; and the other was confining the point entirely to his work-garret, which seems to be the unconstrained palace of these insects. In the first gentleman's voyage to the moon, I dare say he was not tormented with these impertinent vermin; as the inhabitants of that planet, however lunatic they may be, are certainly more cleanly than to admit of such companions: and hence their utility evidently appears—namely, as a proper stimulus to cleanliness—and, in this light, they may be considered as our immediate security from the plague, and when they come forth in great numbers, they are, in fact, legions of heraldry sent forth to proclaim our danger. In this respect, then, their utility is demonstrable: but supposing this not to be the case, which cannot be

be denied by any thinking man ; will any one pretend to say that they are of no efficacy in medicine ? and though perhaps all the preparations in which they may be useful, are not yet discovered, it is well known that *lice* are in many cases used with success, and particularly in consumptions. I am, therefore, Mr. President, of opinion, that these insects are of great utility in more respects than one ; and as I think that what the gentleman over the way first sat out with to disprove Mr. Pope's opinion, is no way pertinent to the present question ; neither shall I take up any of the society's time in refuting it, though it might be very easily done, and shall therefore conclude on the affirmative side of the question."

Several other members would have spoken upon this question ; but it being past the hour of debate, the society

adjourned till the Monday following, when it was to be resumed.

Such was the manner in which Mr. Atall usually entered into the debate, and which was generally as important and conclusive. However, after attending six months, Jack thought himself qualified to be introduced to a manager, and make his appearance upon the stage. About the same time he had, what he imagined, a lucky opportunity of obtaining a conference with one of the theatrical monarchs. The manner of his reception, and the resolution he took in consequence thereof, shall be the subject of the following chapter.

C H A P.

C H A P. VIII.

Mr. Atall's preparation and anxiety to wait upon the manager. The difficulties which lie in his way. Surmounts them, and reaches Covent-garden. A dialogue between the manager and his visitors. Its disagreeable termination to Jack.— Mr. Hyper's endeavours to solace him, and the cause of his seeming friendly disposition.

THOUGH fighting of battles, storming of towns, and the like, are very dangerous and enterprising things, perhaps no general in the trenches, or in the front of an unmasked battery, felt more palpitation of heart, more agitation of spirits, or, to speak more plainly, more terror and dread than Mr. Atall did, whilst Mr.

Hyper (a genius and critic, upon the word of an author) was conducting him from Shire-lane to Southampton-street. Mr. Hyper called by appointment at eight o'clock (note, it was in the month of September, and pretty cool :) Mr. Atall had no fire, consequently no breakfast ready, but a long beard to dispossess himself of, and a clean shirt to obtain. He drew the razor, endeavoured to raise a lather, and, with a trembling hand, made an onset upon his throat: but whether the thought of what he had that day to go through, or the coldness of the morning, or the chilness of the water,—(one, or both, or all three) threw him into a violent tremor; it is certain that he narrowly escaped cutting his windpipe, and being undesignedly guilty of suicide. At length, however, black sticking-plaister being provided, and his laundress having introduced

produced that necessary article in dress a shirt (though very wet;) Messieurs Atall and Hyper soon sallied forth, notwithstanding the rain, and their *disinclination* to a leather conveyance, towards Covent-garden. The Piazza furnished them, upon their arrival here, with a necessary asylum; it covered them from the rain, whilst their shoes underwent a cleaning, and enabled them to appear before the King of Tragedy with fewer marks of an inclement sky.

Upon knocking at the door, and finding Mr. G—— at home, Mr. Atall's terrors were redoubled—his knees knocked together, and he had scarce the ability to walk into the parlour, where they were by the servant desired to wait, his master being then engaged. A quarter of an hour now passed, without a syllable being interchanged between the two visitors:

Atall's thoughts were, during this period, solely occupied with the manner in which he should address the theatrical monarch, upon his entrance, and what kind of a reception he should meet with.

At length the parlour door opened; the manager entered; and now we will commence a short dialogue.

Man. Gentlemen, your servant—
How do you do, Mr. Hyper?

Hyp. Sir, much at your service—
I have brought you a young gentleman of my acquaintance, who has some thoughts of coming upon the stage, and is desirous, Sir, of the honour of your protection.

Man. He does me great honour—
You know, Mr. Hyper, any thing in my power you may command.

[A couple of bows now took place, and Jack's spirits were, by this declaration, much recruited.]

Hyp.

Hyp. You are very polite, Sir,—
I believe you will find Mr. Atall to
be possessed of some theatrical talents,
which, when properly cultivated, with
a little of your instruction, will, I doubt
not, shoot forth to the satisfaction and
amusement of the town.

Man. Very prettily expressed, Mr.
Hyper—You were always happy at an
extemporary allegory.—Pray, Sir,
did you ever appear in public?

[*To Mr. Atall.*

At. Never, Sir.

Man. I presume, Sir, you have
made some experiments in private.

At. Yes, Sir.

Man. Pray, Sir, what *walk* may
you have chosen?

At. Tragedy, principally, Sir.

Man. It is a pity that young per-
formers would not endeavour more at
comedy—we have fifty tragedians for
one good comedian: but this error

does not seem confined to acting only: the writers of the present age are all the votaries of Melpomene, and leave poor Thalia, with great impropriety, to bemoan her fate.—We have not had a decent comedy, since the Suspicious Husband, except——but, Sir, what parts have you particularly studied?

At. Castalio, Othello, Jaffier, Hamlet, Richard——

Man. But pray, are you perfect in any of these?

At. Yes, Sir, I believe I can repeat many passages pretty correctly in either——

Man.—You'll excuse me, Sir,—but, pray have you learnt to dance and fence?

At. No, Sir, neither——

Man. Why, Sir, these accomplishments are absolutely necessary in an actor: a man cannot present himself decently

decently without having acquired the first; and the second, you are sensible, is very essential in the last act of every tragedy.

At. I propose going for a month to Mr. ———, who teaches grown gentlemen.

Man. That will be scarce a sufficient period to learn to make a bow— But pray, Sir, with submission, do not you perceive that you have some impediment in your speech?

At. Sir, I was told, when a child, that I was tongue-tied; but I thought I had got the better of it, since I had spoke so many famous speeches, with applause, at the spouting club in Fetter-lane.

Man. You must inevitably have a chirurgical operation performed before you can come upon the stage.— I observed as soon as you began to speak, that you was tongue-tied.

At. Very well, Sir.

Hyp. Oh—there is nothing in it—there is no more pain in the operation than in a cut finger.

Man. And then, Sir, I would advise you to apply yourself assiduously to dancing and fencing——

At. Very well, Sir.

Man.—And then, after that, when you have made some progress, if you will come to me the beginning of next season——

At. Next season, Sir!

Man. Yes, *next season*—I am quite full this—I have engaged more hands than I have occasion for already—I say next season—we'll see what can be done—I am a little busy at present—I've a gentleman waiting for me in my library—and so, gentlemen, your servant.

A few scrapes took place, and Mess. Hyper and Atall made their retreat.

Though

Though Jack was very glad that this first attempt towards appearing on the stage was over, he could not help being of opinion that the catastrophe was somewhat too tragical, as he had the doleful perspective of a whole year to get untongue-tied, and acquire the polite accomplishments of dancing and fencing. Mr. Hyper endeavoured to give him all the consolation in his power, by reminding him of Mr. G——'s genteel compliment to him upon his first entrance, and by assuring him he had more influence with the manager than, perhaps, he thought for; as he had finished a comedy and two farces, all but the fable, titles, and characters; and that he should take care to make it part of his agreement that the manager should engage Mr. Atall the next season at a genteel salary.

This declaration had, undoubtedly, all the appearance of sincere friendship and regard, and did not a little buoy up Jack's theatrical expectations; but if the reader should be curious to know upon what foundation they were sustained, it may not be improper just to hint that it now approached three o'clock, and that Mr. Hyper, with all his poetical merit, and all his influence with the manager, was absolutely ignorant where to get a dinner, and that by this seasonable solace, he found means to ingratiate himself so far in Mr. Atall's good opinion, as to induce him, in the gratitude of his heart, to invite Mr. Hyper to partake of a beef-steak at the Three Tuns: such an amicable and well-timed invitation, Mr. Hyper was too civil to refuse, and therefore cordially accompanied Mr. Atall to the proposed regale.

Whilst

Whilst these geniusses were quaffing British Burgundy, and inhaling the fumes of Harbin's best Virginia, Mr. Hyper entered into some part of his literary character. As his method of depicting it bordered too much upon vanity, we cannot attempt to give it in his own words; but shall endeavour to transfuse his thoughts in a more modest dress in the subsequent chapter.

C H A P. VIII.

*The hard fate of authors, exemplified
in the case of Mr. Hyper, poet,
politician, and critic.*

AT the time of that memorable dispute between ad——ls and mi——rs, to prove who were the greatest rogues, or who the greatest cowards, when every man was an author by profession, and a disputant by necessity, a certain *great** writer, who had the faculty of producing fresh pamphlets as diurnally as bakers do hot rolls, at length hit upon a production that was to make his fortune: it was too good to sell to the trade, at

* Observe, I say a *great* writer—I do not say a *good* one, for the *quantity*, and not the *quality* of his works, is here alluded to.

their

their starving price, and having had the happiness, as he then thought it, to make acquaintance with a stationer, who gave him credit for as many reams of paper as five hundred copies required, he printed it upon his own account, and as a bold venture, *liberty or nothing*, took for his motto,

“ Aut Cæsar, aut nullus.”

His printer was expeditious, and, upon the strength of the popularity of the title, asked him no money beforehand. His next step was to procure a publisher that might be entrusted with the publication of so valuable a piece. After some repulses which he met with in *Our Father's Row*, that mart of literature and defamation, he at length found a *sensible* bookseller, who approved of his title, and the side of the question he had espoused; and he was to advertise it strongly for
the

the succeeding day. The pamphlets were accordingly sent into him, and our *bard* had nothing now to do but drink libations to the rising sun, which was to usher in his good fortune. Though he paid his fervent devotions to Bacchus, who had been the original inspirer of his genius, he rose early the next morning, and almost forgot the head-ach, so strong was the pleasing idea of repairing to the coffee-house, and seeing himself displayed to the world in every newspaper.

But, heavens! what was his mortification, when waiting three quarters of an hour for every paper, he could no where see his better self in any of these literary mirrors! Away he flew in rage and almost despair, to the *Learning-merchant*, and without enquiring the cause of his disappointment, he represented in the liveliest
and

and most dreadful colours, the irreparable damage he had thereby sustained. Mr. Folio, at length, found an opportunity of telling him that,

“ Nobody was to blame but himself;

“ that if he had shewn him the copy

“ before it was printed, or at least

“ before he had resolved upon publishing it the next day, he certainly

“ should have informed him that he

“ would not have been concerned in it.”

“ Zounds, cried the author, did not you approve of it yesterday, and even say you should be glad to have a share in it?”

“ Yes, Sir, answered Mr. Folio, but I saw nothing but the title-page.”

“ S’blood, resumed the genius, was not that sufficient for you to see; do you pretend to judge of any thing else?”

“ But I did not know the drift of it.”

“ No, you blockhead, answered the bard,—what do you think was the drift of it but to get money?”

“ Yes,

“ Yes, said Folio, but it is on the
 “ wrong side of the question—I am
 “ to publish a pamphlet to-morrow,
 “ that is my own, and it would have
 “ intirely knocked it on the head.”
 “ So I am to be ruined, cried the
 “ author,—because your own pamph-
 “ let must not be confuted. — But
 “ I’ll shew you the difference of it,
 “ and if there is any law to be had
 “ for love or money, I’ll make you
 “ pay me ample satisfaction.”— Yes,
 “ said Folio now, with some warmth,
 “ I’ll give you satisfaction—but I shall
 “ first detect you for an impostor; you
 “ put a piece into my hand, that seemed
 “ to be of one side of the question, and
 “ proved to be on the other—had you
 “ told me it had been ironical, I would
 “ have had nothing to do with it—’twas
 “ a palpable fraud—I might have been
 “ ruined and not known it, had I, like
 “ half the trade, published a book with-
 “ out

"out reading a single word of the contents." The author was unable to contain any longer, and taking a *quarto* bible flung it at Folio's head.—Folio fell, and cried out murder—his wife came screaming in, and finding her husband was knocked down, and lay bleeding on the floor, she flew at Mr. Hyper, scratched his face, tore his shirt, pulled his wig off and flung it into the fire, and would certainly, in a very short time, have demolished as well a beau as an author. Hyper therefore thought it prudent to fall upon his knees, and beg for mercy, which she did not however grant, till she was certain that Folio had received nothing but a small contusion.

Folio having now recovered his strength, and gained a fresh recruit of courage, from his connubial auxiliary, he, in turn, raged as much as Hyper had done before, and after damning
and

and cursing him for a half-starved, lousy, poltroon author, laid hold of his five hundred ready-stitched pamphlets (Hyper's perspective fortune) and without farther ceremony gave them a cant into the middle of the kennel, when the string breaking, the wind dispersed them like Sibyl's leaves. —“ You wanted them published to-day, said Folio, with a grin, and “ now I think they are made public enough, without the expence of “ advertizing.” This was the only *bon mot* Folio ever said in his life; yet it was lost upon Hyper, who was too busy in gathering up, as fast as he could, his literary estate, to attend to any other *good things*: but all his assiduity turned to very little account, half of his books were stolen, and almost all the rest in so muddy a condition, that they could not be vended.

A prosecution now ensued on each side—judges warrants and writs flew about as fast as Hyper's pamphlets had before; but alas! the sequel proved nearly the ruin of the genius: he was thrown into jail, and would certainly have perished, if B——g had not been shot in time, when being of a very *spiritual* nature, he obtained his liberty, in quality of the adm—l's GHOST.

Hyper and Folio, by the intervention of a printer, were reconciled, and are at this hour upon very good terms, considering that they are, even now, upon the opposite sides of the question in a political dispute, which Folio pays Hyper a guinea a week to support.

C H A P. IX.

A short denouement of the under-plot of Mr. Hyper's drama—Atall's theatrical project entirely disconcerted. Roscius's system exploded by Virgil's Æneid. A glimpse of our hero's future plan.

THE reader may imagine that if Mr. Hyper was in such present good pay, and had the perspective of such future good fortune by his theatrical productions; he had no reason to take so much pains to ingratiate himself with Mr. Atall, for the paltry recompence of a beef-steak and a pot of porter: but the truth is, though we did not chuse to contradict a gentleman, whilst he was in company, that so far from his being in present pay with Mr. Folio, this manufacturer

3

of

of ideas was actually in the King's Bench, at the suit of his stationer ; and that so far from hoping to get three dramatic pieces upon the stage, if he had wrote three hundred, Mr. G—— would not, knowing them to be his, have *even* read one—as the only performance of this kind which he had ever put into that gentleman's hands, turned out to be a pirated piece from Beaumont and Fletcher. And having thus far explained the cause of Mr. Hyper's present necessity, we have at the same time pointed out the little probability there is of Mr. Atall's being engaged as an actor through his recommendation.

Mr. Atall, nevertheless, underwent the chirurgical operation, and immediately commenced a day-scholar at Mr. —— academy, among the number of his grown gentlemen. He had still one difficulty to surmount ; this was

was to acquire some skill in the art of defence: but luckily Mr. Hyper was an adept in this art, for he had, as he valiantly asserted—*killed his man*: so that Jack having purchased a pair of second-hand foils, he entered upon this branch of polite learning under this gentleman's tuition.

Jack was still compelled to stick close to the desk, as the only present means of support: nor was he at the end of six months able to mouth a speech with greater vehemence than before, though he had submitted to the knife; so that he began to lay aside all hopes of shining as an actor, and discontinued his genteel studies, disposed of his foils, and found no consolation, but in reading Walfsh's life of Virgil, prefixed to Dryden's translation.

These words he read over almost every day, and lisped them with peculiar

culiar melody : “ He had an hesita-
 “ tion in his speech, as many other
 “ great men : it being rarely found
 “ that a very fluent elocution, and
 “ depth of judgment, meet in the
 “ same person.”

“ Why then, said Jack, if Virgil—
 “ *Pub. Virgilius Maro*—the Mantuan
 “ Swan, laboured under the same
 “ affliction as myself, why should I
 “ complain — he was, doubtless,
 “ tongue-tied—yet the greatest poet
 “ that ever wrote—I say the greatest,
 “ for though Homer wrote before
 “ him, and has his admirers, where
 “ shall we meet with such harmony
 “ of numbers, such purity of diction,
 “ such sublimity of thought, such
 “ variegated expression, such depth
 “ of knowledge?—in a word, such
 “ poetry as,

*Aude Hospes contemnere opes, & te quoque dignum
 Finge Deo—*

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“ which

“ which alone, for majestic beauty,
 “ outstrips the muse of every ancient
 “ or modern bard; for Virgil is like
 “ the fame that he describes,

Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo.

“ And surely the reputation of so
 “ great a poet, though tongue-tied,
 “ far surpassed any renown that Ros-
 “ cius could acquire from his dra-
 “ matic performances —— I will be
 “ *Virgil* and not *Roscius*!”

A noble resolve, worthy of Mr. John Atall: and though we will not pretend to say that our hero, who will soon turn out a bard, has ever yet wrote an *Æneid*, yet he certainly fancied he had some poetic merit, though inferior to the *Mantuan Swan*, which he failed not to exert monthly, and sometimes weekly, for the amusement and edification of the public. In fine, he soon started a magazine
 poet,

poet, and hebdomedal rhymers, and, what is still more astonishing, he some time after got into the *regular* pay of a worthy bookseller in Pater-noster-row, who had just obtained letters patent for the sole vending of wit and good-sense.

But before we enter upon this memorable and erudite crisis of our hero's life, we must relate an incident, that took place about this period, and was greatly instrumental in making him boldly declare himself a member of the great and extensive Republic of Letters.

C H A P. X.

*The progress of politeness in the person
and appearance of Mr. Atall.*

MR. Atall was, as we have already had occasion to mention, born in the county of Durham, from whence he had emigrated to the metropolis, in order to qualify himself in jurisprudence: such at least was the design of his honest well-meaning father, who, about this time, departed his sublunary life, and bequeathed his son John a small, *very small*, patrimony. Being a lawyer, he soon found means to gain possession of his *estate*, and being now a *gentleman*, and what is much more a *man of fortune*, he considered his station as far beneath him, not only on account of his late succession, but more particularly by
reason

reason of his superior talents, which, he imagined, were totally prostituted at the copying-desk. These being his sentiments, he was not very assiduous in his uncle's office; but would frequently be absent from home all night, and more than once remained invisible to his master for a week.

This conduct, on Jack's part, gave his uncle great displeasure, and as his brother was now dead, and there was no person, nor any expectancy to keep him in awe, and as he was somewhat over-grown for the horse-whip, his uncle resolved to get rid of him as soon as he could. To this end, his uncle sent for him one morning into his closet, and having testified his disapprobation at his manner of living, told him, that as he had but fifteen months of his time to serve, he would give him up his articles if he chose it. Jack, unprepared for so agreeable a

proposal, was at a loss for words to express his acknowledgment; and, having accepted the offer, hired a lodging that very night, in order to commence a gentleman at large.

We shall not here pretend to vindicate the conduct of Mr. Atall, senior, in taking this extraordinary step, so much to the *satisfaction* of his nephew; as we think the prudent and kind part that he might have been expected to act as a master and as an uncle, would have had no similitude to this conduct; but rather would have displayed itself in the exertion of his utmost endeavours to repel that dissipated turn which manifested itself in his nephew's course of life. But it should be remembered he was an attorney, and he held it as a constant maxim that he should always do the best for his client, and he constantly considered himself as the nearest and dearest

dearest client he had; wherefore, it appearing, upon calculation, that he should be a gainer by Jack's dismissal, he did not hesitate a moment to let it take place.

Though Jack's propensity to letters, and his earnest desire of being a genius of reputation, was strongly rooted in him, as they generally are in young fellows just turned of one and twenty; yet he was so far from being a Cynic, and had such an inclination to blend the *dulci* with the *acili*, that he did not think it necessary for a *man of taste* to mope himself up in his study from morning to night—his present design was to signalize himself by works of genius, works of imagination, works of fancy. Such works as might be as easily written upon a bench in St. James's Park, as in the Harleian library, or the most reclusive apartment in all *Brazett-nose*.

He had read and admired Addison, as well for the purity of his stile, as the elegance of his sentiments; Addison's idea of a gentleman entirely coincided with his own, and he was glad to find that even dress should not be unattended to. Upon so great an authority he ordered a couple of laced coats, and purchased a genteel sword. These preparations were not made to scribble in a garret; a man can write there as well in a thread-bare coat, or, as it has oftentimes happened, with no coat at all, as in a suit of embroidery—and indeed better, for this new dress would cramp the body, if not the mind, through fear of spoiling it, and suppress, perhaps, many brilliant flights, by too brilliant an appearance.

We have hitherto scarce taken notice of Jack's person, and, indeed, it has hitherto been scarce worth taking notice of: he might have walked the
Park,

Park, from the first day of the signing his articles till the present hour, without Lady Mary—— Lady Charlotte —— Lady Betty, or any of those people who constitute *somebody*, so much as seeing him, though the fashion of *short-sightedness*, is rather abated; for he was, according to the polite acceptation of the word, till now, *really* and *bona fide*, *nobody*. But as the case is at present altered, and Jack is upon the point of making a figure in the gay world, we think it highly incumbent on us to give, at least, the outlines of Jack's figure.

Jack was above the middle size, somewhat swarthy of complexion; his eyes were large, dark, and expressive, his other features pretty regular; his hair brown and short; his shape tolerably genteel; his legs rather large, and out of proportion to his body—

his gait unfortunate, if not affectedly ridiculous.

Such then was *John Atall, esquire*, when he started a man of fashion at the polite end of the town, with lodgings at two guineas a week, and a servant in livery.



C H A P. XI.

A specimen of Jack's gallantry. The outlines of some celebrated characters in the polite world. His ideal happiness, &c.

THE reader is, doubtless, by this time, pretty well prepared for our hero's achievements in the field of gallantry; and, indeed, though Jack did not set out upon the romantic plan of combating windmills, he had his Dulcineas, if not of Del Toboso.

Miss Sally L—— was, at this time, the universal toast of the polite world—not to have offered devout libations to her upon one's knees, would have been considered as an evident schism in the doctrine of love. Sally was tall, genteel, had fine light hair,

blue expressive eyes, a clear complexion, and a matchless leg. Yet Sally was not a perfect beauty: she wanted the *embonpoint*—she wanted a regular set of teeth—she wanted a well-turned arm—these essential requisites in the constitution of a fine woman. Jack, however, saw with the eyes of popularity: to him therefore she appeared matchless. He sighed for her in private, he poetized her in public, and at length obtained the inestimable boon of waiting upon her to tea. Miss L— was reputed a young lady of good fortune: her uncle was just dead, and had left her residuary legatee to his whole estate. Her appearance corroborated what fame promulgated, and no one, not even of the ladies her professed rivals, seemed to call in question her pretensions on this head. Jack therefore considered himself

himself as the luckiest dog that ever existed, and judging that so fair an opportunity ought not to be slighted, and that first appearances are always the most striking, he resolved no attention should be wanting on his part to render his first visit favourable to his future designs. His head underwent the most perfect decoration from the hand of monsieur Delachoue himself, though at the extravagant price of half a guinea, and an hour's waiting. Having studied one of his most recommendable bows, and exercised the evolutions of the *doux yeux* for thirty-seven minutes, a sedan being at the door, and the clock striking six, he popped into it, and sat off for Mortimer-street.

He found Miss L——, with two more ladies, who were that evening destined for Ranelagh, and he failed

not

not to offer his service to escorte them thither.

One of Miss L——'s visitors was Miss Louisa F——: the most admired of all females amongst her own sex, and the least attended to by the men. She was short, clumsy in her make, much pock-pitted, and unhappy in a remarkable cast with her eyes, which rendered it difficult to determine what object really attracted her attention. Notwithstanding this (almost) deformity of person, she was constantly in company with the finest fellows of the age.—The male Gunnings, the B——ll's, the C——g's, the J——ns, seemed to be her constant suite of admirers. But the truth is, every fine woman was particularly emulous to have Miss F—— walk with her, as she was the completest foil to beauty that could any where be met with. It was this lady who was compli-

4

mented.

mented by Nash at Bath, upon wearing a Vandyke foretop—"Indeed, Miss, said he, you are the only woman I ever saw it become, for the less you shew of your face the more engaging you are."

Miss L——'s other visitor was Mrs. M——, a widow lady about forty, but who had subscribed for the last fifteen years to twenty-five, which she thought a becoming age for the state of widowhood, and therefore resolved to stick to it. Notwithstanding this and many other female artifices, she had been languishing for thirteen years, without a fair offer being made her to forget her weeds. This she partly attributed to her backwardness in not sufficiently declaring herself a candidate for matrimony—and partly to not appearing often enough in public, but particularly to having, hitherto, been a professed enemy

enemy to *rouge*, though she had privately availed herself of all the assistance to be derived from cold creams and cosmetics. These errors she had just exploded, and for the first time appeared in her *second bloom*.

These four companions travelled in a hack to Ranelagh, for neither Miss L——, Miss F——, nor the *blooming* widow M——, kept her own coach.

We may now suppose them arrived at this gay circle, strutting, ogling, pluming, peacocking.—We may suppose Miss L—— walking in the center between her two female friends—and we may suppose Jack's whole discourse directed to her across Miss F——'s Vandyke fore-top. We may consider the widow playing off the artillery of her eyes, against every male object deserving of her attention:—and we may consider every
male

male object, by turns, attacked by this tripartite female party.

Upon Jack's return, after having attentively examined, for a due time, the state of his head and face in the looking-glass, and finding it, in his opinion, consonant to Hogarth's analysis of beauty, he then began to consider what progress he had made in his attack upon Miss L——'s heart: his present account stood thus,

Three figs,

Two glances,

Half a squeeze by the hand,

which, according to the arithmetic of love, could not be computed at less than the 239-thousandth, 687th part of something like a *tendre*. This favourable estimate of the reciprocity of passion threw Jack into so agreeable a *reverie*, that upon his retiring to rest, he soon fell asleep, and almost

almost as soon began to dream that Miss L—— had revealed all her regard for him, that the day of their nuptials was appointed, that his wedding suit was brought home, and that the coach was actually at the door to take them to church—when, curse on this identical coach, it waked him, and he found it all a mere delusive dream.

C H A P. XII.

*An essay upon epistolary composition—
interrupted by an unexpected visit.
A short dialogue, not much to the
purpose, and a letter still less so.*

JACK rose early the next morning, and was ruminating, whilst at breakfast, upon the most elegant card that could be wrote to the ladies: he began,

“ Mr. Atall presents his most respectful compliments to Miss L—, and hopes she got no cold at Ranelagh last night.”——

No, that will not do—it is too formal—something sprightly and sentimental—something that indirectly hints all the emotions, the conflict of my breast——

“ Dear

“ Dear Miss,

“ I know not whether the agree-
 “ able company I was in last night,
 “ has inspired me with uncommon
 “ spirits this morning; but I find such
 “ a violent flow upon me, that having
 “ no one to converse with, I am
 “ compelled to have recourse to pa-
 “ per to give them vent. This is
 “ the best excuse I can make for
 “ troubling you with this epistle,
 “ which——

*which, what?—’sdeath that would have
 spoilt all, if I had went so abruptly to
 work—no, no; there must be more deli-
 cacy used with a woman of her fashion—
 let me try again.——*

He had got thus far, when the
 door opened, and presented to his
 view his mother!

It should have been premised that
 upon the death of Mr. Atall’s father,
 when

when he came to his fortune, and commenced a man of taste, his uncle wrote more than one letter to his mother, to acquaint her with the profligate course her son had taken, and to desire her to endeavour, by her admonitions, to reclaim him, as his efforts had all proved fruitless: that in consequence of this disagreeable news, she had wrote several affectionate epistles to her son, without receiving any answer from him, and therefore concluded that either he was dead, or some accident had befallen him that incapacitated him to write—this indeed was literally the case, though the casualty was of a different kind from what she imagined. Whereupon she had taken a journey to the metropolis, to visit him in person, and was now actually in his elegant lodgings in Bond-street.

We

We shall not attempt to depict her astonishment and surprise, at finding her son in such magnificence—she could scarce believe her eyes—and for sometime gazed with wonder and astonishment. As for his part, his visual organs but too readily performed their functions upon this occasion, and too early convinced him of the disagreeable visit he was upon the point of receiving, and the interruption that would be given to his amorous concatenation of ideas.

His mother broke silence first.
 “ Bless me, Johnny, is it you I
 “ see, or your ghost?”

“ It is even me, mother—but,
 “ goodness, what brought you to
 “ town?”

“ Why to look after you, and
 “ know if what your uncle wrote
 “ about you was true.”

“ I

" I suppose, mother, you don't
 " mind what my uncle says, he's a
 " lawyer, you know—and its part of
 " the profession to disguise truth."

" Well—but bless me—what's
 " come to you—have you married
 " some woman of great fortune—or
 " have you got a place at court?"

" As to places at court, mother,
 " I can assure you they are things
 " not very easily obtained—it is suf-
 " ficient for a man to have merit to
 " be precluded."

" Well, but, continued she, are
 " you married then?"

" Not yet, he answered, but I
 " do not know how soon I may."

" I hope, Johnny, you look to the
 " main chance—as you know your
 " father left you but three hundred
 " pounds, and, according to the way
 " you live, I suppose it won't last a
 " great while."

" Why,

“ Why, mother, the person that
 “ I am paying my addresses to, is a
 “ woman of fashion and fortune
 “ both.”

“ Well done, Johnny, I always
 “ said you’d be a great man. But
 “ what is her name?”

“ She is the celebrated Miss L—,
 “ whose uncle is just dead, and half
 “ the gay fellows about town are
 “ ready to cut one another’s throats
 “ for her—I was at Ranelagh with
 “ her last night, and I was about
 “ writing a letter to her when you
 “ came.”

“ Brave news, Johnny, do not
 “ let me disturb you—be sure you
 “ write like a man, and shew her
 “ that you are sprung from a good—
 “ ay an ancient family in the Bi-
 “ shopric.—Don’t forget mentioning
 “ the Bishopric of Durham—and
 “ your great-grand-uncle Jenkins, of
 “ York,

“ York, who was *curfes robulorum*
 “ of the county—don’t forget that,
 “ Johnny.”

He smiled at his mother’s ignorance, and was heartily glad that she retired, and left him to pursue the bent of his epistolary disposition. After much hammering of brains, he at length produced the following billet, which he read over with pleasure, fancying it to be the standard of elegant composition.

“ What an agreeable task it is,
 “ Dear Miss, to converse with those
 “ who are completely amiable—methinks I have caught the divine
 “ impulse that actuates all your conduct—methinks that I am equal to
 “ the performance I am now about—the addressing of these lines to the
 “ beauteous, the adorable Miss L—. Excuse, thou most amiable of the
 “ sex, the freedom I have ventured

“ to express, and believe me, I be-
 “ fecth thee, amongst the most
 “ humble, though most fervent of
 “ your admirers,

“ John Atall.”

Nonsense is eloquent in love.

C H A P. XIII.

The ladies sentiments of polite writing.

A specimen of Mr. Atall's poetry.

A new character introduced, and a sketch of a modern fine gentleman.

A rivalry, which terminates the chapter in a frightful manner.

THOUGH Miss L—— was a celebrated toast, I do not know that I have said she was any great critic: therefore, though Mr. Atall's letter might be reckoned amongst the number of unmeaning epistles, containing words, phrases, lines, and sentences, which might serve upon that occasion as well as any other, or any other as well as that; she, nevertheless, finding it so *soft*, and *tender*, and *pathetic*, read it over more than once, and could not help acknow-
F 2
ledging

ledging that Mr. Atall had a mighty pretty manner of *expressing himself*; the widow was of the same opinion, and so was miss F——, who notwithstanding the furrows of her face, was a great novel-reader, and reckoned a complete judge of polite writing.

Mr. Atall's character being, then, thus established with the ladies as an *elegant writer*, we may suppose that he did not lose ground an inch, but supported his merit upon every occasion. This was really the case; and finding the ladies all professed great admiration of poetry, he was resolved to give them a specimen of his abilities in that way, and the next time he waited upon Miss L——, he presented her with the following lines:

To

To Miss Leb——.

As Cupid rang'd in search of prey,
 By chance he pass'd where Venus lay;
 Soon as the goddess he espy'd,
 Straight to his bow a dart h'apply'd,
 Which to its very head he drew,
 And swift as thought the arrow flew:
 Unerring flies the urchin's dart—
 It pierc'd the goddess to the heart.
 Smarting with pain, aloud she cry'd,
 What kill your mother—parricide!
 The urchin cries—" My dearest mother,
 " Indeed I took you for another.
 " Mistake so easy! —Who cou'd know—
 " The Cyprian queen from Miss Leb—."

We doubt not, but Jack had read
 Matt. Prior, and took his hint from
 him; but we very much doubt whe-
 ther he acquainted Miss Leb—— with
 the assistance that bard afforded him
 in this poetical compliment. The

ladies were all highly delighted with the prettiness of the turn—and the widow *purtested* he was a *genus*.

Thus far have we traced the progress of Mr. Atall's passion for Miss Leb—, and no doubt the reader imagines things were going on swimmingly towards the fulfilling of his blissful dream. But if it is recollected that Miss Leb— was a celebrated toast, a professed beauty, and (though it has not been yet so much as hinted) perhaps, a professed coquette, she might consider all these oblations as so many offerings due to the shrine of her superior charms; nor could it from any of her conduct, except the (*imaginary*) half squeeze by the hand, be fairly and reasonably adduced that she had any *pentchant* for John Atall, Esq;

We shall presently see what foundation our hero had to flatter himself
that

that he was the happy unrivalled man in the eyes of Miss Leb——.

Captain (that is ensign) G——, had just purchased in the foot-guards: his father was a soap-boiler in the Borough, and had given him an education, not suitable to his trade, but to that of a gentleman: he could read politely, without attending to punctuation; could write a pretty good hand, without regard to orthography or grammar; could dance, and was actually learning to fence: these accomplishments joined to a tolerable good figure, and a red coat, were sufficient to captivate any lady of taste and sentiment. He fell into Miss Leb——'s company at the widow's, who had really selected him for herself, but such is the different force of *nineteen and forty*, that as soon as he beheld Miss Leb——, he renounced all pretensions to the widow, and

subscribed himself the most passionate of Jack's rivals.

It is true that the captain's outside was better than Jack's; and if we throw his cockade into the scale, though of no great weight in itself, it would alone have preponderated against half a dozen poets, or even philosophers. We all know that a military man is so well acquainted with attacks, sieges, assaults, masked batteries, and surprises (though he very probably never smelt gunpowder, or read a military treatise) that whenever he makes an attempt upon the heart of a lady, he does it so scientifically, that it is almost impossible for any woman that is not *impregnable* (and there are very few even female Gibaltars and Bergenopzooms) to avoid being at length compelled to capitulate, or surrender at discretion.

Jack

Jack knew all this theoretically, and he had the mortification of being soon made acquainted with it experimentally. The partiality of Miss Leb—'s eyes, not to mention her behaviour, in favour of the captain, was very visible to every the most cursory observer; it could not therefore escape Jack. His vanity, nevertheless, prompted him to think cool reflexion must certainly convince her of the error she had fallen into; and Jack was resolved to shew all his parts at his rival's expence the first opportunity that offered.

Fortune seemed particularly propitious to Mr. Atall the next day, throwing him into the captain and Miss Leb—'s company at Miss F—'s. The captain had drank a bottle extraordinary of claret at dinner, and was in very high spirits, which flowed

from him in an immoderate redundancy of words, sometimes unluckily applied, and sometimes unhappily pronounced. Jack sat in the window next to Miss Leb—, whilst she was making tea at Miss F——'s request, she being employed at her toilet for Vauxhall; and he being exactly within low-whisper shot of her ear, he failed not to correct every mistake the captain was guilty of, which though at first disagreeable to her, at length diverted her so much, that she burst out into a loud laughter. The captain enquired what she laughed at—she innocently replied at Mr. Atall, which brought on an éclaircissement, that terminated in their going out together, that the Captain might have satisfaction for the insult he thought was offered to him.

We

We have brought Mr. Atall into a very fine scrape, and the lord knows how he will get out of it—the ladies are all frightened, and so are we to that degree, that we can hold the pen no longer in the progress of this chapter.

I do not recollect to have any where met with this investigation; Whence literature in general has borrowed to make men courageous or cowardly? When we read of Alexander, Caesar, Scipio, we are animated with a glorious enthusiasm in the annals of fame, in deeds of death, with such heroes, and consider all the hardships of a military life as glorious trophies and warlike honors. We forget all the former endearments of life, and every other passion is absorbed in the single ambition of living in the hills.

C. H. A. P.

But

C H A P. XIV.

*A short but curious chapter, which I shall therefore laconically call—
Multum in parvo.*

I Do not recollect to have any where met with this interrogation ; *Whether literature in general has conduced to make men courageous or cowardly ?* When we read of Alexanders, Cæsars, Scipios, we are animated with a glorious enthusiasm to shine in the annals of fame, in despite of death, with such heroes, and consider all the hardships of a military life as glorious trophies and warlike honors. We forget all the softer endearments of life, and every other passion is absorbed in the single ambition of living in the historic page of renown.

But

—But when we close the scene, and philosophically moralize with Diogenes upon the vanity, ridicule, and folly of sacrificing ease, contentment, health, and life itself to the whistling of a name, which we shall afterwards never hear: — when we reflect that conquerors are at best but tyrants, who immolate millions to gratify an extravagant passion, and that instead of heroes, they are in fact but butchers of the human race: in a word, when we consider that all their actions center in self,—ambition, vanity, or avarice, we must condemn the idol held up for our adoration.

When, indeed, we read in Homer, as Pope has so elegantly translated it—

The life which others pay, let us bestow,
And give to fame, what we to nature owe;
Brave, though we fall, and honor'd if we live;
Or let us glory gain—or glory give—

C H A P.

Achilles

Achilles rushes through every vein—
 attracts every noble drop of blood to
 the heart, which pants for fame and
 glory—our thoughts are all concen-
 tered in the heroic wish of meeting
 our doom in the renowned bed of
 honour : ——— but when arch Butler
 laughs us out of these ridiculous phren-
 zies, we smile, approve, and read,

He that fights and runs away,

Lives to fight another day,

But he that is in battle slain

Can never rise to fight again,

I dare not hazard an opinion on
 which side literature preponderates,
 and shall therefore leave it for the ca-
 suists in *learning* and *honor* (according
 to the modern acceptation of the word)
 to determine it ; having at present
 other business upon my hands than
 such disquisitions, or rather, I must lay
 aside the theory for the practice.

C H A P.

C H A P. XV.

*A modern rencounter fairly coloured—
wherein a celebrated fighting Captain
and a meek Author seem to have
changed characters for the day.*

THOUGH we did not introduce Mr. Atall either directly or indirectly in the last short but pithy chapter, so that it may be considered entirely as an episode; yet the truth is that every thought, and almost every word therein contained, were the subjects of his rumination from Golden Square to Hyde Park. In fact, it was a matter of debate with him all that way, whether he should go out of the world immediately, according to the *etiquette* of honor, to convince Miss Leb— of the fervency of his flame; or whether he should
come

come to an explanation, and tell the captain, *he had no design to affront him, and if he had offended he was very sorry for it.*

But then the question that immediately started to him was, whether this would not be tacitly yielding all pretensions to his mistress, and giving the captain such subject of exultation, that he would never afterwards be able to give his opinion in his presence, with the least plausibility of success. And then, again, said fancy to him, perhaps the captain may have sense enough to discover his error in time, and think, with me, that we are going to be guilty of a most egregious piece of folly in cutting one another's throats, because Miss Leb— (and be p—xed to her) took it into her head to titter whilst she was pouring out the tea. Or, perhaps, after all, the captain may be only a
bully

bully——and so I'll even walk on as fast as he does.

We may now suppose them arrived in the most recluse part of Hyde Park, and the captain *halted*. The dialogue that took place was as follows.

Capt. Well Sir, and now I insist upon knowing what you meant, by turning me into ridicule.

At. And I insist upon knowing what you brought me here for.

Capt. Why, Sir, to have satisfaction.

At. The satisfaction that you want you might have had two miles off.

Capt. Sir, I did not chuse to trouble the ladies with our dispute.

At. I believe we have given them more trouble upon the occasion than there was need for.

Capt. Zounds! Sir, do you mean to trifle with me?

At.

At. Zounds! Sir, do you mean to trifle with me?

Capt. 'Sblood! Sir, explain yourself.

At. 'Sblood! Sir, do you explain yourself—what did you bring me here for, once more?

Capt. Look ye, Sir, I'll cut this matter very short—did you mean to affront me?

At. No, Sir—but you certainly did in bringing me here to ask me so trifling a question, and I insist upon satisfaction.

Capt. You insist upon satisfaction!

At. Yes, I do insist upon satisfaction—Did you bring me here to affront me?

Capt. No—upon my honour.

At. Well then, we're so far upon equal terms—now for the honor of the ladies—what are your pretensions to Miss Leb—?

Capt.

Capt. Very honourable, I promise you.

At. But mine are prior—and I insist upon your relinquishing them.

Capt. What, Sir, give up all claim to the lady!

At. Yes, Sir, or— (*drawing*)

Capt. Well, Sir, if you really paid your addressee to her upon honourable terms before I saw her—it is but reasonable we should leave the lady to her choice.

At. No, Sir, that will not do—I insist upon your never setting foot again in her house.

Capt. I suppose, Sir, you'll allow me to speak to her in public.

At. As far as a bow, Sir—no farther.

Capt. Well, Sir, if you desire it—to tell you the truth I've no great attachment——

And so they parted, the captain to forget, in the revels of Bacchus, the
ridiculous

ridiculous figure he had just been making, and Mr. Atall to proclaim his glory to the ladies, who were waiting in eager expectation to know the event.

C H A P. XVI.

The unexpected consequence of Jack's triumph.—Mr. Hyper pays Mr. Atall what the latter thinks a very opportune visit—which produces an uncommon dialogue, and terminates in a mystery.

IT might be thought that the subject of controversy between Mr. Atall and the captain was now quite subsided; and that as the military gentleman was no longer his rival, so neither had he the least cause to be displeased with him. But such of my readers who are predestinarians, and sincerely believe that *a man who is born to be hanged will never be drowned*, will certainly be convinced that Mr. Atall or the captain was absolutely fated to fall in the field of honor,

honor, when I tell them they were inevitably doomed to fight.

Mr. Atall's exultations were so unlimited, at the unexpected glory he had acquired, that the trump of fame proclaimed it far and near, and it soon reached some of the captain's brother-officers. They represented to him the disgrace he had brought upon the *corps*; that they could no longer roll with him, till such time as he had repaired his honour; and that if he did not, he would certainly be broke for cowardice. It was in vain for him to remonstrate with *Bobadil*, that he was fascinated, that he was *planet-struck*: his colonel peremptorily told him that he must either seek Mr. Atall, and fight him, or else give up his commission.

This news soon got wind, and Mr. Atall heard of it almost as early as his antagonist. It was very far
 4 from

from being agreeable intelligence to Jack, who had acquired all his glory from the captain's backwardness, and had in fact as little stomach as his antagonist for *shear fighting*.

It is a long time since we mentioned Mr. Hyper: but let not the reader imagine all correspondence between him and Mr. Atall was entirely dropt: far from it, a closer connection than ever now subsisted between them. It was this genius that had been greatly instrumental in exciting Mr. Atall to drop the buskin in favour of the bays. Our hero had for some time been surrounded by a regular group of *toad-eaters*, whose captain and commander was the great Mr. Hyper; and this gentleman had improved in his personal appearance since Mr. Atall's succession to his fortune, for not only his paunch was greatly increased by the goodness of
 Jack's

Jack's table; but also his back was better covered by some of his *patron's* old coats.

Such being the state of affairs between Messieurs Atall and Hyper, the former thought he had just claim to the latter's assistance in any critical affair, and he just entered when Atall had learnt the disagreeable tidings of the captain's being compelled to fight him. "My dear Hyper, said Atall, "you came very opportunely: an "unexpected incident has just occurred, wherein you may be of "infinite service to me, and you will "now have an opportunity to convince me that the many repeated "tenders of your friendship were "real."

"Sir, replied Hyper, I live to serve "you—I admire your sentiments, and "adore your prowess—A man that "could behave yesterday with such "gallantry

“ gallantry may command every man
 “ in his service who is a gentleman
 “ and a man of honor.”

“ I doubt not, Mr. Hyper, of your
 “ readiness to serve me ; I could al-
 “ most have been bound for it, espe-
 “ cially as it is so much in your own
 “ walk.”

“ Why look ye, Sir, whether it
 “ be to write a sonnet upon Miss
 “ Leb—, a panegyric upon your
 “ valour, or an account of your
 “ rencounter with the captain, there
 “ is no man who professes letters
 “ will be more ready to draw his quill
 “ in your favour.”

“ You are very obliging, resumed
 “ Mr. Atall, but this is not the bu-
 “ siness at present in hand.—You
 “ must know that captain —— is
 “ absolutely commanded by his co-
 “ lonel to have satisfaction for the
 “ insult I gave him yesterday, and as

“ I know you are so excellent a
 “ swordsman, I should be much
 “ obliged to you if you'd take this
 “ affair off my hands.”

“ Why, Sir (rejoined Hyper, not
 “ a little agitated at the request) how
 “ is it possible that I can take this
 “ affair off your hands?—the satis-
 “ faction he requires is not of me,
 “ but of you.”

“ That's very true, answered Hy-
 “ per, but I'll warrant there will be
 “ no particular difficulty to make you
 “ so much resemble me as by twi-
 “ light to deceive the captain. You
 “ very well know that since you have
 “ wore that coat, you have been taken
 “ for me by several of my acquaint-
 “ ance even in day-time, and if upon
 “ the captain's challenge being re-
 “ ceived (which I expect every mo-
 “ ment) an appointment is made to
 “ meet him between seven and eight,
 “ in

“ in the Bird-cage walk, and you
 “ repair thither with this laced coat,
 “ and this remarkable hat, there is
 “ no doubt but the captain will be
 “ imposed upon, and you may dis-
 “ patch him and the affair in a few
 “ minutes.”

“ Why, replied Hyper, the thing
 “ is plausible enough — I can’t say
 “ but what it is—but in the first
 “ place I should not like to im-
 “ brue my hands in the blood of a
 “ man that never offended me; and,
 “ secondly, it will be impossible for
 “ me to draw a sword, let alone
 “ fight, for these several days, having
 “ had so unlucky a fall last night
 “ over a post, that I have no power
 “ whatever in my right arm.”

“ That’s damn’d unfortunate, said
 “ Jack, let’s look at it — we may
 “ however plead that as an excuse for
 “ putting off the affair for some days.”

“ I can’t possibly pull off my coat,
 “ replied Hyper, without putting my-
 “ self to great pain.—But I’ve hit
 “ upon a lucky thought, whereby
 “ you may save your own honour,
 “ and your adversary’s life.”

“ Let’s hear it pray, said Jack, for
 “ I’ve no great inclination to kill him
 “ neither.”

“ We’ll first retire into your closet,
 “ said Hyper, lest we be overheard,
 “ as it must remain a profound secret,
 “ for the divulging of it would be of
 “ the most fatal consequence to you
 “ both.”

If the reader should be very curious
 to be let into this great and valuable
 secret, he will certainly be extremely
 angry that I have not here disclosed
 it, without referring him to the next
 chapter : but as this is an affair of
honor, and must therefore be conducted
 with all the necessary punctilios, it

is absolutely impracticable to divulge a tittle of it before the proper time.

The incurious reader may take a comfortable nap, if it should be after dinner, and dream, or fancy he dreams, he sees one or both of the doughty assailants sprawling upon the field of battle, breathing their last. But this advice is not to be taken, if it is a lady, as she may be with child, subject to hysterics, or, what is worse than either, believe in ghosts.

C H A P. XVII.

The sequel of modern duelling. Some smart female conversation upon the occasion, which terminates to Mr. Atall's great satisfaction.

NO sooner had the captain received the colonel's absolute orders, than he drank three glasses of green usquebaugh, and wrote the following billet :

“ Sir,

“ The insult I received from you
 “ yesterday, I find is of such a nature,
 “ that I must have immediate and
 “ personal satisfaction — I therefore
 “ insist upon your meeting me to-
 “ morrow morning at eight o'clock,
 “ upon the parade, that we may re-
 “ tire to a suitable place.

“ I am, &c.”

Upon

Upon the receipt of this challenge, Mr. Atall, with the advice of his friend and counsellor Hyper, prepared himself to meet the foe.

At eight precisely the antagonists met, and retired to the former field of reconciliation (not battle) which had been so favourable to Mr. Atall. If Jack had prepared himself externally, in case that extremities could not be avoided, by sewing two quires of brown paper between his waistcoat and its lining, the captain had also taken his precautions internally, by lining his body with about a pint of the best Coniac. Indeed he attributed the coolness of his temper, and the uncommonly pacific disposition in the late rencounter, to the nervous effect of the tea he had drank with the ladies; and he, therefore, heroically resolved to drink none this morning, that no such tremor should ensue.

Being once more arrived in the Wilderness of Hyde-Park, Jack, finding the captain had taken brandy for his second, did not think it prudent to wait till he made an overture, and therefore entered upon the following harangue :

“ I imagine, Sir, after what passed
 “ yesterday, that you have no parti-
 “ cular pique against me, but that a
 “ ridiculous point of honour has urged
 “ you to this extremity ; if that be
 “ the case, I’ve hit upon a method to
 “ save both our honours, and, at the
 “ same time, our lives.”

The captain, notwithstanding the operation of the brandy, coolly listened to this overture.

“ Look you, Sir, resumed Jack,
 “ finding that his antagonist approved
 “ of his project, it is necessary, to save
 “ appearances, that one of us should
 “ be slightly wounded, and there-
 fore

“fore let us tofs up on whom the
“operation fhall be performed.”

The captain, thinking there was too much good fenfe and found reasoning in Atall’s propofal, readily acquiefced to it, and it falling to the military gentleman’s lot to lofe a little blood in an *amicable* manner, he as readily unbuttoned his waiftcoat and fhirt, and had a gentle fcar given him on the left breaft, taking care to make a proper aperture through his apparel.

And now, reader, you are as much in the fecret, as I am, and pray keep it till you are obliged to repair into Hyde-Park, or behind Montague Houfe, upon any fuch bloody errand.

The captain was received with much refpect upon his return, by his brother officers, and the furgeon of the regiment, to all their fatisfaction, pronounced the wound not to be mortal.

We think we have got our hero very cleanly out of an unlucky scrape, which seemed more than once to forbode the loss of life or liberty; and now it is time to look to the ladies, whom we left yesterday at seven o'clock in a terrible pucker.

They were, upon Mr. Atall's return, the same evening, greatly recovered from the fright the original part of this affair had thrown them into; but it cannot be questioned but that upon hearing the altercation was revived the next morning, their consternation and dread were also renewed; nor did they subside, till Mr. Atall once more returned to acquaint them that this affair was at length terminated; that the captain had behaved like a man of honour, and he doubted not his antagonist would do him the same justice.

Though

Though the ladies were not of a sanguinary temper, it nevertheless appeared to them somewhat mysterious, that two duels should be fought without a single wound. Miss F——, who was rather inclined to the sarcastic, could not refrain from saying, that “ these same duels were pretty pleasant things, when they were terminated so amicably ; and that she could see no great harm in it if the ladies were now and then to fight for a lover, as they might certainly determine the matter full as satisfactorily with a couple of bodkins.”

Jack felt the force of the railery, but was unprepared to answer it : he was, however, lucky enough to say to Miss Leb——, “ that if he had possessed sufficient address in the art of love to have made as deep a wound in her left breast, as he had done

“ in that of the captain’s, he should
 “ have considered himself as no un-
 “ skilful general in the service of the
 “ Cyprian queen.”

Miss F—— herself could not help
 testifying a smile of approbation at
 the fortunate turn he had given the
 conversation, and protested, “ as he
 “ was so great a captain, they would
 “ take him for their leader that even-
 “ ing to Vauxhall.”

As Jack was in the mood of ac-
 cepting challenges, we cannot suppose
 that he refused this: on the contrary,
 he was greatly pleased with the op-
 portunity it gave him of appearing in
 public with Miss Leb——, after the
 affair that had just happened, and
 which was generated by her charms.

C H A P. XVIII.

The author's own chapter; being proposals for regulating the behaviour of gentlemen upon every critical occasion; with a bookseller's remarks thereupon; and a proposal from him in return—and a little, very little, episode.

I Have long been astonished that no writer, either ancient or modern, has written a treatise or essay upon honour, punctilio, and the like: it is a very copious field, and would be of infinite service to young gentlemen upon their first setting out in life, whereby they might be taught how to behave upon every occasion, without incurring the opposite characters of quarrelsome or pusillanimous. To own the truth, I did once set about
such

such a work, under the following title :

The COMPLETE GENTLEMAN:

Or rules for behaving upon every critical occasion that can occur, wherein honor and punctilio are concerned.

Under the following heads.

Part I.

A frown.	}	An unanswered question
A whisper.		An unreturned bow
A smile.		The lie
A laugh.		Spitting in the face
A sneer.		Taking by the nose
A hem.	}	Kicking.

Part II.

A rival	}	With a mistress upon honourable terms.
		With a mistress in keeping.

Debauching

Debauching } A sister
 } A wife.

Ravishing } A mother
 } A grandmother.

Part III.

Detection at play.

Scandal.

Raillery.

To which are subjoined precedents
 for challenges on every occasion;
 and for every rank : with the most
 approved system of fighting duels;
 and the most secure methods of
 defence.

By DON ANTONIO RODOLPHO ETIQUETTE,
 Punctilio-master to all the crown-heads of
 Ethiopia, and champion in ordinary to
 the emperor of Monomotopia.

After having planned this great and
 noble work, I shewed it to a book-
 seller of my acquaintance, who shook
 his

his head, and told me the subject was too confined: however, he added, if I could get a subscription among the people of fashion at the west end of the town, he had no objection to print it; but continued he, “it will never do in the city—I’d back a good treatise upon compound interest—the valuation of annuities compared with the present state of the different funds—or the art of bankruptcy made easy, with advantage and security, against all your rules for fighting—to tell you the truth (with a whisper) this is not a fighting, but a —— age.”

To which I answered, I was a good deal of his opinion, and therefore had an eye to that in my first section of part third. “Ay, said he, there you have hit it, had it been all upon that subject, I’d have given you a hundred guineas for the
“ copy,

“copy, before I saw a word of the
 “work — and if you will write a
 “*treatise upon gaming, with the lives*
 “*and characters of the greatest gam-*
 “*blers of the present times,* I’ll give
 “you five hundred pounds upon the
 “delivery of the copy.” In answer
 to which, I told him it was a very
 dangerous subject, as I should run the
 risk of having my throat cut the very
 first day of publication.

The reader may perhaps be curious
 to know who it is that is speaking all
 this while; whether it is Mr. Atall,
 or his editor; or both. For an answer
 to which question, I refer him to the
 title, wherein he will find “The
 “Adventures of an Author, written
 “by himself.” Yes, but, then, he
 will say, in the fourth chapter you
 disclaimed all pretence to speaking in
 the first person singular, and seemed
 very happy that you had found out an
 expedient

expedient to avoid it. To own the truth then, the subject matter of this chapter seemed so naturally to be wrought out of the subject matter of the three preceding, that I could not suppress the impulse I felt of letting my pen take a spontaneous ramble, and this being a very natural and genuine excursion, it as naturally fell in a string of egotisms, which I had not the power to suppress, till it was too late, and when I found I should spoil the whole by correction. But it is time now to resume once more the character of editor, and talk of John Atall, Esq; as the hero of this production.

CHAP.

C H A P. XIX.

The state of Jack's passion for Miss Leb—. An uncommon adventure at a masquerade, in which is introduced a lady of great beauty and fashion, and most singular virtue.

WHETHER Mr. Atall behaved himself, in every respect, agreeable to the rules laid down in his particular cases in *The Complete Gentleman*, or whether he forgot to consult that work, though it was at hand, it is certain that no one to this hour found fault with his behaviour, in his affair with the captain, as the only sarcasm that was ever thrown out upon this occasion, that has come to our knowledge, was the witticism of Miss F—, which furnished him with so lucky an opportunity of saying a pretty thing

thing to Miss Leb—, and being appointed her conductor to Vauxhall.

Whilst Jack was thus dangling after Miss Leb—, who interrogated with a smile, and answered with a dimple, it cannot be supposed that his passion for that lady so entirely absorbed every other desire, that he never thought of the sex but as a rigid Platonist. To own the truth, this was not the case—there was no transubstantiation in his flame, he still remained very flesh and blood; as a proof of which we shall give an adventure that happened to him about this time at a masquerade in the Hay-market.

Before the earthquake at Lisbon, it was thought no sin to allow masked balls in the Hay-market, and though some appointments were made there, as was and is still the case in places of more sanctity, they were not declared parti-

particularly criminal upon that account. At this period it was that Mr. Atall shone forth in all his gaiety, and, as a man of fashion, he would have judged it a very great slur on his polite reputation, to have missed being at a masquerade. Jack had taken particular pains to be remarkably smart upon one of these occasions, having a new straw-coloured domino trimmed with pink, a pink silk waistcoat embroidered with silver, and pink silk breeches with silver garters, a silver point d'espagne laced hat with a white feather. His hair was uncommonly well dressed, and, when equipped, he had the vanity to think he was no unattracting figure.

Upon his entering about eleven, he ranged through the rooms, and not meeting with any woman, whom he thought deserving the notice of so well dressed a mask, he fell into the

E. O.

E. O. room, and though his plan that night was not play but conquest, in about a quarter of an hour's time he found himself possessed of a hundred guineas, though he had but five in his purse upon coming in.

This early success in a province he had not before thought of, gave an additional elation to his spirits, and with the assistance of a few glasses of champaign, at the side-board, he found himself full of *sentiment, tendresse*, and all the *je ne sçai quoi*, which so effectually prevails with a woman desirous of being prevailed upon.

His powers had just attained their zenith, when he accosted a tall genteel maid, whose taste in dress added grace to the symmetry of her person. He begged the favour of her hand to walk a minuet, which they both did with much ease; and Jack had his vanity so much gratified, as to hear upon

upon every crossing, that they were the two best dressed masks there.

After the overture a *tête à tête* ensued, in which our hero exhausted all his powers in small talk, and well-timed adulation. The lady spoke French perfectly well, and Jack exerted his talents in that language; they ran through a general critique upon the dress and characters of every one present, and their sentiments seemed to coincide so much upon every thing that started, that Atall imagined any proposal he should now make would be accepted. He observed, “ the place was so crowded, and it was so excessively warm, that it became quite disagreeable — besides, their conversation was greatly interrupted, by the noise of bassoons and tabors: he therefore desired the lady would confer upon him the honour of conducting her to a retreat, — “ treat,

“ treat, where they might uninter-
 “ ruptedly enjoy the satisfaction of
 “ each other’s conversation.”

She seemed at first much averse to the proposal; but let herself at length be prevailed on, conditionally; the terms were, that he should not insist upon her unmasking, and should let her do as she would, and depart when she pleased.

The conditions were so few, and appeared so little calculated to evade a connection, which Jack thought inevitable, that he immediately acquiesced, and they instantly retired in chairs to an adjacent bagnio.

Jack on his way felicitated himself with being the luckiest fellow that ever breathed, though he considered his gains at the E. O. table as the smallest part of his good fortune that night; for having espied a coronet upon the lady’s watch, and though

not much of a connoisseur in jewels, estimating those about her very valuable; he readily, and perhaps not erroneously, concluded his fair incognita to be a woman of great fashion and fortune.

Being arrived at the place of rendezvous, and wax lights and tea introduced, they renewed their former conversation, which had now acquired a degree of still greater sprightliness, as it was tinged with less reserve. Love at length became the topic, in which she expressed her sentiments with much perspicuity, making a just distinction between that noble passion, when founded in mutual and real flames, and beastly sensuality, for which voluptuaries so scandalously forged that name.

The acuteness of her remarks at first somewhat startled Jack's flattering hopes; but he soon persuaded him-

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self

self that this was nothing more than female artifice to animate still more his desires; and in this opinion he seized upon her hand, and almost devoured it with kisses. Finding her no way reluctant to allow this first onset, he renewed his attack upon as much of her cheek as was visible, and from thence descended to her neck and breast, which was but slightly covered. He met with no rebuke in these familiarities, and was now convinced she was a most sensible voluptuary herself in practice, though a very Platonist in theory.

In this opinion, he immediately declared himself so very drowsy, that he was unable any longer to keep up, and begged the lady would, for the sake of her health, follow his example. She desired him to recollect the terms upon which she came, and he replied, that he did not mean to com-
pel

pel her to any thing against her inclination.

These preliminaries being ratified, he undressed and went into bed, and she soon after did the same.

He now thought it was not in the power of fate to debar him from the full enjoyment of the most perfect Venus of Medicis he had ever beheld; and the violence of his desires, which the sight of her naked charms had wrought up to a pitch unable to be curbed, soon prompted him to make such efforts as she was not unprepared for—but in a manner very different from what he expected: for as soon as he thought himself upon the very brink of felicity, she found means by the assistance of the pillows, which was in this case the bulwark of her chastity, to frustrate all his attempts, and render abortive the fruition of all his desires.

In a word, after various repeated endeavours, and the exertion of all his strength and powers, he found his amorous abilities entirely exhausted; and that the fair incognita had the resolution to withstand all the rhetoric, artifice, and force of man: he therefore concluded, with the good queen Elizabeth, That no woman could be ravished against her will.

It was now about seven o'clock, when looking at her watch, she rose, dressed, ordered a chair, and wished him good morning, without having been yet unmasked, though undressed, and though four hours naked in bed with a man, retiring from it as pure a vestal as she went thither.

Fatigued and harrassed as Jack was with this uncommon amour, his curiosity was not however so far extinguished as not to prompt him to rise

and

and follow her chair, which sat her down in Marlborough-street, where she took a hackney-coach, which had remarkable good horses, and drove with full speed for the city. Jack was, in his present state, unable to pursue it far, and, to his great mortification, lost sight of the vehicle near Monmouth-street.

This adventure did not fail to throw a great damp upon Jack's vanity, as he began to question his abilities, as well with regard to persuasion as to manhood. His doubts, however, with respect to the latter, were shortly removed by the consummation of his most ardent desires with a female acquaintance which he now made.

C H A P. XX.

Jack's acquaintance with Fanny G——, and their plan. Mr. Atall's character appears in a new point of view. — The outlines and contour of Lothario, a modern man of taste, drawn by himself.

ABOUT the period that the unfortunate Mr. ———, who fell by the sword of lord ———, cemented so strong an union with Miss ———, of Cranbourn-alley, that he said at his dying hour he considered her, and would have every one consider her as his wife; all the milliners apprentices in that neighbourhood flattered themselves, and had sufficient vanity to believe, that they were entitled to the same good fortune; so that the vicinity of Leicester-fields was famous for

for the elopement of young ladies. Miss Fanny G—— was among the number of these female candidates for preferment, and Mr. Atall found her no very difficult conquest.

She agreed to live with him as his housekeeper, and in order to complete their design, it was judged the most eligible to take chambers in the Temple, as the prying eye of neighbourly curiosity was thereby baffled.

Having thus secured himself a convenient mate in Fanny, who was an agreeable girl, about the middle size, with fine light hair, and blue eyes, he gave himself very little anxiety now about Miss Leb——, who notwithstanding all his regard for her, he could not help considering as a most accomplished coquette, and might as such, in all likelihood, remain in a state of celibacy, because no match of sufficient dignity offered, till she was no longer

qualified to enter into the state of matrimony.

His intrigues and connubial pursuits for some time subsided, or rather they centered in his Fanny, who had many attractions to secure a man, that preferred sincerity and innocence to affectation and vanity.

He had now leisure to write various essays, which appeared periodically in the public papers: he would also now and then pop out an occasional poem, or what he thought a well-timed pamphlet: but he had hitherto wrote only for his amusement, or to fill up a vacant hour, as his ambition was to be reckoned a man of taste and letters, keeping company at present with none but such as were upon this list. Among the number of these choice companions, was the celebrated and admired Lothario, whose character cannot

cannot be better described than by a
journal of a month of his life, which
he constantly kept, and which acci-
dentally fell into the hands of Mr.
Atall.

Journal of a modern man of taste.

Sept. 14 In the country, by all means, to avoid the *canaille*, about the closing of Vauxhall.

Sept. 3. Compelled to come to town, no longer able to indure the rustie solitude of a farm-house, without a creature to speak to—because I would have the world believe I was with an elegant party in Northamptonshire, where the wits of the age were to discuss the merits of all the new pieces that are to appear next season.

Sept. 6. Go down to Tunbridge to kill a few days.—Lady L— looks languishing; — I lose
fifty

fifty to put her in spirits, and am not without hopes of getting home upon her, when my lord goes into Cornwall.

Sept. 7. Return to London to recruit my finances. — Unintendedly drop in at the play, meet with Miss T——, go with her to Goadby's—present her with a hundred pound note—have not money enough in the morning to clear the house, Mrs. G— courteously takes my note for seven guineas.

Sept. 8. Am compelled to send to old L—— the usurer, to borrow thirty for a month, for which he very honestly takes my bond for fifty. A violent head-ach, send for doctor —,

feels my pulse, pronounces me feverish, and advises me to abstain from Champaign.

Sept. 9. My old school-fellow M— calls upon me—he enters into a moral disquisition upon polite follies—draws my picture with such striking *traits*, that I am sure he means me— Cannot help laughing at myself, and despising my ridiculous pursuit of fame and gallantry.

Sept. 10. Better spirits. — My steward brings me a draught for six hundred. I look tolerably well—and *Labaguette* has hit off my hair very becoming : I shall commit some slaughter to-day, and so I'll e'en go to court.

court.—Not one fine woman there, except the duchess of —, and lady Charlotte —.

Sept. 11. Dine with doctor T. and Sir Thomas L.—A deistical dispute, wherein I shine—knock up the doctor, and drive Sir Thomas L.— to his *neplus ultra*, by insisting on his fixing the locality of hell.—

N. B. Sir Thomas knows very little of geography, caught him in the Gulph of Mexico, and persuaded him of the existence of the Atlantic islands.

Sept. 12. Being a fine morning, in the Park till three—Some new faces—meet Jack Atall: we pass the women in review—

he

he insists that lady V—— is now constant to my lord; I reply in the words of Rochefoucault, that *there are few women who are not at last tired of their trade*; and he winds up the argument, by saying, he believes she makes a virtue of necessity.

Sept. 13. Very low-spirited—look very ill—*Labaguette*, in telling a bawdy story, forgets the irons, and burns one of my capital curls—I am ready to swoon—but recover. Am obliged to keep at home for a fortnight, and at length submit, to my infinite mortification, to wear a *demi-perruque*.

——— Chafin ———
for melancholy, vapours,
and reflexion.

Read

Read three pages of Locke,
without understanding him.—

Write an ode to lady L——,
which the printer of the Pub-
lic Advertiser refuses to insert,
as being personal and defi-
cient in measure — *was there*
ever such insolence!

Sept. 28. Upon the point of turning
off *Labaguette*—but he op-
portunely introduces a milli-
ner's 'prentice to me, that no
one has touched—but him-
self—and in the afternoon has,
with the assistance of *Manon*,
the rhetoric to persuade me
to put on the *demi-perruque*.

Sept. 29. Sunday—and ashamed to go
lady ——'s card party on ac-
count of my head—*Manon*
sings

sings me some little French
airs, and I begin to think
her lively.

Sept. 30. Like to have made a dreadful
mistake at the new play, and
applauded it, if Mr. Allwit,
who was in the same box,
and is the *dernier resort* of
criticism, had not prevented
me, by timely pronouncing it
damned stuff. Was there ever
such a lucky escape!

Oct. 1. In high spirits upon my good
fortune last night—give *Ma-
non* ten pounds to buy her a
sack, and purchase a French
suit of *Labaguette* for the
birth-day.

Oct. 2. Wait upon Lady L——, and
find Tristram Shandy upon
her

her toilet—She desires me to explain the stars. I excuse myself, by telling her I have not read it, and ask her what she thinks of Locke?—She blushes—is confused—and is “surprised I should put so “indecent a question to her.”

We think the character of Lothario requires no farther illustration; we shall therefore, in this place, dismiss him, and the present chapter.

C H A P.

C H A P. XXI.

A view of Mr. Atall's present circumstances; — the plan he pursues to amend them—its success. A moving scene between him and Fanny: her expedient to give him consolation: its temporary success. The misfortunes that ensue, and the intrinsic value of nominal friendship.

THE reader will, perhaps, be somewhat surprised to account for Mr. Atall's being able to support himself and Fanny in so genteel a manner; or, perhaps, may be inquisitive to know whether his paternal estate is not, by this time, very near exhausted. This was the very subject that now occupied Jack's most serious meditations, for notwithstanding the profits of his occasional writings,

writings, he found, to his no small mortification, that his whole estate, real and personal, consisted in the sum of twenty-three guineas.

It was time to think of some expedient to recruit his finances; for he had sufficient knowledge of the world not to be ignorant that distress alone destroys friendship, obliterates merit, and makes the most sensible man ridiculous. This consideration made him, for a time, abandon his learned acquaintance, in order to associate with a set of men who seemed possessed but of one *idea*, which was gaming.

Jack's good fortune befriended him for some weeks, and he found himself, at the end of two months, ten guineas richer than he was at starting — but one fatal evening robbed him of all future hopes of success, and sent him home penniless.

A most affecting scene took place between him and Fanny, who said every thing in her power to solace him, but all was in vain: he saw nothing but the wide jaws of despair open before him, and was willing to anticipate the tyrannic hand of misery by suicide. He had primed a pistol, and was upon the point of launching into eternity, when Fanny flew to him, and, upon her knees, imploring him to live, if it were only for her sake—she said “ things were
 “ not yet so desperate as he seemed
 “ to think—that what he had lost
 “ was not so much as he had before
 “ won, and therefore he had no
 “ reason to complain of his ill fortune—
 “ that she had still cloaths,
 “ and the plate they were possessed
 “ of would produce at least thirty
 “ pounds, and that his luck might
 “ turn, and he be enabled speedily
 “ to

“ to redeem them, and no one be
 “ acquainted with his misfortune.”
 This rhetoric had but little weight
 with him; for he was of opinion,
 “ That there was nothing in this
 “ world worth living for, when pe-
 “ nury and misery stared one in the
 “ face—that a man must be a cow-
 “ ard indeed, who could bear to drag
 “ a wretched existence of beggary,
 “ merely to crawl upon earth, and
 “ say he breathed—that life at best
 “ had many more bitters than sweets
 “ in it; but that when the dose was
 “ all bitter, it was too loathsome for
 “ a man of the least sensibility to
 “ swallow.”

Whilst he was making these philo-
 sophical reflexions, Fanny took care
 to get the pistol out of his hand, and
 having locked it up, she began to be
 a little more easy; but she was never-
 theless greatly apprehensive, from his
 extra-

extravagant starts, and inarticulate ejaculations, that she had only postponed his fate.

As soon as it was day-light she rose, after having past a very disagreeable night, without a wink of sleep, and having packed up her best gowns, the silver coffee-pot and salver, with all the spoons they could spare, she conveyed them to the pawnbroker's, and returned with forty guineas in cash, the sight of which had so agreeable an effect upon Jack's mind, that he rose, dressed, and breakfasted in almost as good spirits, as if the tremendous scene, the catastrophe of which was so opportunely prevented the night before, had never happened. She had taken care, however, to make the pistols instrumental to his peace of mind, instead of his death, having packed them with the other things, and they being a very good pair, and

well

well mounted, she obtained three guineas and a half upon them.

With this money he returned to the gaming-table, where he had a variety of success; sometimes winning, and sometimes losing, without any considerable variation on either side; but as eating and drinking were very essential circumstances in existence, the stock daily diminished, and was at length totally exhausted.

As Fanny had once found the way to the pawnbroker's, she easily returned in the same channel, whenever necessity urged them, till at length all his wardrobe was reduced to the cloaths upon his back. In this plight, had the pistols still remained, probably he would have executed what he formerly had rashly designed; but as they were out of his reach, as well as his sword, there was nothing left for him now but hanging or drowning, and

and these Jack considered as such ignoble deaths, that he scarce ever cast a thought upon them.

His only resource now was exercising his literary talents in the epistolary way, to those nominal friends who had formerly proffered much esteem for him: but this correspondence turned to very little account, and scarce paid for pens and paper, as most of his letters either remained unanswered, or were returned unopened.

C H A P. XXII.

Mr. Atall's abilities put to the test in a literary character—likewise those of Miss Fanny. The present state of literature elucidated, &c. &c.

IN this distress it was, that Mr. Atall was compelled to lay aside the man of fashion, the writer of taste, fancy, and imagination, and commence the bookseller's galley-slave. — He was now poet, politician, biographer, essayist, and, by necessity, philosopher, all within the limits of a sixpenny monthly production. Nay, he was not the only labourer in the vineyard of learning and industry—his Fanny, his loving mate, the gay companion of his festive hours, submitted to lend a helping hand in this great periodical work.

VOL. I.

I

work

work: she had some knowledge of painting, and it was no time for Atall's household guests to remain idle.—She coloured butterflies at sixpence a hundred.

Necessity, says the proverb, is the mother of invention, to which might, with equal truth be added, it is the scourge of genius and the bane of merit. Atall, who but a few months before might have had his own price for any work he would have wrote, was now compelled to labour like a mill-horse for the scanty stipend of a guinea and a half a month; and which, with all his mistress's industry, could never be raised to the sum of two pounds two shillings. No wonder that his meals were not always regular—no wonder that the extortionary pawnbroker had frequent opportunities of fleecing him of great part of his

his small revenue — no wonder that his shirt was not always clean or whole—no wonder that the want of a waistcoat would sometimes display the appearance of his skin through the apertures of his coat's armpits. Alas! poor Atall, how art thou fallen! Could it have been thought three months since, that you would have been compelled to use as much eloquence as would have filled a shilling pamphlet, which you might have sold for ten pieces, to persuade your grinding bookseller to advance you half a crown for the ensuing month, or settle for the odd seventy-five butterflies, the produce of Fanny's pencil, which he insists upon being thrown into the bargain!

However, as the bookseller found him an useful man, and that he could turn his hand to any thing, he took

care that Jack did not absolutely starve, and very prudently enabled him to keep life and soul together, for the emolument of letters.

About this time a new periodical paper was resolved upon, and Mr. Atall was engaged as an occasional writer in that part which was to be devoted to humour and fancy, whereupon Jack drew up, from very feeling motives, the following



LITERARY

LITERARY BILL OF MORTALITY
AND CASUALTIES FOR THIS
MONTH.

Died of thinking	_____	_____	1
of the bathos	_____		4
of the bilious cholic			12
Starved to death	_____		102
Miscarried	_____	_____	1463
Overlaid by his muse	_____		1
Died of the bookseller	_____		29
for want of circulation			234
Died of a cacoethes scribendi			1649
an intellectual gonnorrhæa			78
Light-headed	_____	_____	136
Raving mad	_____		504
Despair	_____	_____	643
Vanity	_____		21
Of the gaol distemper	_____		14
Castrated by journalists	_____		33
Gutted by ditto	_____		13
	I 3		Died

Died of violent criticism the first	
of the month	39
grief	88
scandal	131
excessive drinking	14
self-pollution	8
the venereal disorder	7
amorous speculation, accompanied with a violent priapism, in pursuit of a new Atalantis	1
the polemical measles	6
Still-born	234
Broke his neck out of a garret window	1
Found hanging in his apartment, the day after publication	1
bolus's and water-gruel	3
the political jaundice	17
the theological diabetes	8
the Parnassian inculus	6
of the bailiffs	4
Died	

Died for want of paper and employment	9
unrewarded merit	0
Still groaning under the weight of the press	1413

Mr. Atall, had not, however, the satisfaction of seeing this production in print, though he had taken the precaution, as a small dose of flattery to the trade, to put a nought against unrewarded merit. His bookseller desired him to explain it, and Jack answering it was inexplicable, the literary factor replied, " that as he did not understand it, or see any kind of wit in it, he would not insert it." If the reader should be of the same opinion, he may, if he please, erase it from this volume.

C H A P. XXIII.

The art and mystery of reviewing upon the most approved principles; with an alphabetical reservoir of wit, suited to the meanest capacity.

WHILST he was thus engaged in a constant rotation of science, acquiring learning frequently against his will, and engaging in many branches of erudition of which he was completely ignorant, he was told by his bookseller, that a fine opportunity now offered itself of rising to the top of his profession, and that he might have it in his power to guide the taste and genius of the town, and thereby avail himself of their disposition.

He inquired into the nature of the business, and found there was a vacancy.

caney in the ——— Review, upon which he offered himself a candidate, and was accordingly introduced to Mr. ———, who was proprietor and manager ordinary and extraordinary of the same valuable monthly collection.

In this conference he gave Atall great lights, with respect to the present state of criticism, which he found to be a very different province from what he expected. He informed Jack that reviewing was as mechanical a thing as making an index, and that Mr. M—— had now the plan of a machine, which by the working of a single horse, would perform all the necessary operations for fabricating a dozen indexes at once; and that he had some thoughts of improving upon that plan, to supply all the departments of his Review; but that at

present he was under articles with some writers, whom he intended to get rid of as soon as he could, and that if they could agree, probably, at the expiration of their terms, he should entrust Jack with the sole management of the *machine*, as he proposed very soon retiring from business, in order to pursue his mechanical researches.

Atall at first imagined he was in raillery, and that he meant nothing more than to signify that the present race of authors were little more than mere *automates*: but he had presently some reason to think him serious.

He told Jack that the deparment at present vacant was the *catalogue article and single sermons*. “ Now
 “ with respect to criticising these ac-
 “ cording to their real merits, and
 “ ascertaining their specific value,
 it

" it would be an endless toil; and
 " therefore we take them in the
 " lump, and knowing, by experi-
 " ence, that all pamphlets written on
 " *one side of the question* are trash and
 " catch-pennies; and all those written
 " on the other are *fulsome panegyrics*,
 " *destitute of truth and argument*, we
 " even trim the scale, and let their
 " publishers names serve as fuel to
 " our wit and humour."

This information made Jack stare;
 but he had no time to remonstrate;
 for Mr. ——— continued —

" It is with infinite labour and
 " industry, that I have compiled an
 " alphabetical string of puns upon
 " all the booksellers and publishers
 " names within the bills of mortality;
 " and this I consider as a stock in
 " trade, which I allow no writer in
 " this department to ingross, but to
 " remain for his successor in office
 " to

“to use discretionally, when the fertility of his imagination is exhausted.”

Upon saying this, he put into Jack's hands a most uncommon collection of distorted names and dislocated words, some of which, notwithstanding the unlimited torture they had undergone, would hardly convey a double meaning, nor indeed any meaning at all. If it could have come under any kind of denomination, it should have been called *The Punter's Vocabulary*; and might, perhaps, have been of some service to the gentlemen of this profession, who have no more mercy upon the English language, than they have upon their own understandings.

We have suppressed this extraordinary list; and shall substitute a short dialogue, which at this time took place

place between Mr. — and another author.

Bookseller. This article should not exceed thirty-five lines; we never allow more for an eighteen-penny pamphlet.

Author. Yes, Sir, but consider the importance of the subject, and the noise it makes in the world —

Bookseller. — And so you have quoted away six full pages, for your own private advantage, because, forsooth, the author has had success, and got more money by his work than he deserved.

Author. Sir, it was impossible to give an idea of this work in a smaller space — and I have quoted nothing but the most detached and laconic passages.

Bookseller. Why, Sir, in the affair of Elizabeth Canning, the shooting of B —, and even the Cock-
Lane

Lane Ghost, we never paid for quotations of above two pages.

Author. But, Sir, you know we take the short with the long, the good with the bad: it would not be worth an author's while to write for you, if it was not now and then for a pretty handsome quotation.

Bookfeller. Zounds! do you mean to bully me.—Get back to your garret and small beer—and pull off my breeches, if they are not lousy.—Was there ever such insolence in a puppy of an author? a fellow that was starving upon a dunghill, before I took him into my pay.

The author did not think proper to remonstrate any farther, when the argument became so critical as to call the possession of his breeches in question; but being thus dispatched, Mr. — renewed his conversation with Mr. Atall.

“ Well,

“ Well, said he, when Jack had read
 “ it, what do you think of my fruit-
 “ ful invention? — this is our great
 “ *succedaneum* of temporary wit and
 “ humour.”

At all thought it was not his province to dispute his master's talents, and he therefore, highly applauded every stroke in it; though in fact, from this specimen, he began to hold critics and criticism in the highest degree of contempt.

He nevertheless retired with his *fund of wit*, to prepare for the next month's catalogue. On his way he could not help thinking, that every one of these unfortunate nominal booksellers, should have prayed, with Shenstone's Humourist (not indeed to return thanks that their names were not obnoxious to a pun) but to intreat Providence

Providence to enable them to change
them for such as were not susceptible
of critical assassination.



C H A P.

C H A P. XXIV.

Makes acquaintance with a stranger at an ordinary, who gives Mr. Atall a narrative of his misfortunes. The history of an adopted son.

IT is not to be supposed that Mr. Atall's table now smoaked every day with a hot joint; nor did Fanny much lament their retrenchments in point of eating, as she lived principally upon tea and fruit: but Jack's appetite was not of so pliant a disposition, and he therefore found it necessary to explore a cheap ordinary; where he might lay in a proper stock of food for the day at a moderate price. He at length discovered one to his mind, frequented mostly by foreigners,

foreigners, or those who had been abroad.

There was a constant guest at this ordinary, who though he spoke pretty good English, had nevertheless much the appearance of a foreigner, and yet the gloomy melancholy that overshadowed his countenance bespoke him of British progeny. Mr. Atall's curiosity was much excited to know something of this person's history, and one day, after dinner, when they were alone, the stranger entered into the following detail:

"A lady of noble family in Scotland, who in the year 1715, was compelled to leave her native country, by reason of her husband's attachment to the Pretender's party, and retired to St. Germain's in France, where her husband soon after died.

The

The old chevalier behaved very kindly to her; but being incapable of properly supporting all those unhappy fugitives, whose blind zeal had rendered them outcasts of their maternal isle, she was in great distress, having three sons to educate and maintain. A dreadful perspective opened to her view, and she was meditating upon her unhappy fate, when a widow lady, who had no children of her own, residing near the Palace, and possessing an ample fortune, remitted her a very considerable sum of money, and gave her to understand, that if she would part with the youngest of her sons, who was not above two years old, she would take upon herself his education. This lady had seen the child, who was remarkably handsome and engaging, and she had often wished that she had been blessed with

with such an amiable pledge of her former love.

“ The mother was easily persuaded to let her have the child, as she was convinced from her general behaviour, that she could do much better by him than herself was able. The boy was accordingly put into her hands, and it was agreed with the mother, that this lady should adopt him for her own son. The lady’s tendernefs and affection daily increased for the child, and she continued bringing him up with this intent.

“ In the mean while a relation of the Scottish lady’s died in England, and having bequeathed her a considerable legacy, it was necessary that she should make her personal appearance there, in order to receive it. She accordingly set out for Great-Britain, with

with her two eldest sons, leaving her youngest in the hands of this affectionate lady, with the prospect of an ample fortune.

“ The first impressions he had received in his infancy were not difficult to remove: he soon forgot that he was born in Scotland, and the assiduity of his mother by adoption, in placing him early at a college in Paris, entirely eradicated the remembrance of his origin. He there went through his studies in the name he was entered, which was that of his benefactress, and no expence was spared for maintenance. He was taught all the proper exercises suitable to his age, with all the distinction of a young gentleman, heir to a considerable fortune, and without his having the least mistrust of the change that had happened in his destiny. He
imagined

imagined his benefactress to be his mother, and she had habituated herself to look upon him as her son, and finding him answer her most promising expectations, by the methods that had been taken in his education, she was resolved that he should always remain in this agreeable error.

“ He was already, by her intercession, made a *musquetteer*, when one of his brothers came to Paris, who failed not to perform what he thought his duty, by paying his earliest respects to this lady, who had done so many generous and good offices to the family. At this interview he learnt from her, what, indeed, could not have been concealed, that his brother was living, and that he was deserving of the affection which she conceived for him. But she did not at the same

same time dissemble her capricious turn of mind, by adding, that she had hitherto taken care to conceal from him his real family, her design being to keep him, during her life, in that delusion: that to counterbalance this deception, she had not only resolved to behave, in every respect, as a mother to him, but to bequeath him the succession of all her fortune; that he already bore her name and arms; that he believed himself destined by nature to be her heir, and that the force of custom had habituated him to pay her every filial respect and attention; that the illusion was so agreeable to her, if ever it should be destroyed, she should consider it as the greatest misfortune that could happen to her; that she would not even answer for the continuance of her former dispositions, if by undeceiving

ceiving her dear son, he should slacken his regard and duty towards her, by, perhaps, paying them to another; and that it was, therefore, of the utmost consequence to both of them, that he should remain in the state of ignorance wherein he had been educated, and therefore she intreated, either through favour or justice, to be indulged so far, at least till her death; and concluded, by telling him, his brother's future fate and fortune were now in his hands,

“ This was too favourite a topic for her not soon after to resume it;

“ Truth and honor, said she, will not

“ allow me to deny to you, that I could

“ wish all the world were equally

“ ignorant as himself, with respect

“ to his birth; but you will be his

“ destruction, if by communicating

“ to him what I have just been say-

“ ing to you, I am robbed of any

“ part

“ part of that pleasure which I take
 “ in concealing it from him. Con-
 “ sider well your conduct; for I have
 “ such delicate notions upon this
 “ head, as will never suffer me to
 “ put up with appearances, or be im-
 “ posed upon by deception.”

“ However extravagant these noti-
 ons appeared to the Scotch gentleman,
 he thought himself obliged to reply,
 that she required nothing but what
 she had a right to expect; and
 having a strong desire to see his
 brother, he protested that every thing
 she had been pleased to make him
 the confident of, should remain for
 ever a profound secret, if she thought
 proper. After this promise, she did
 not hesitate informing him, that his
 brother was a musqueteer, and that
 he might see him at Paris. If indeed
 the regard he had for his brother did
 not weigh with him not to destroy the

musqueteer's fortune, his own personal interest would have induced him to have kept the secret. He sat out with full resolution of being silent, no way mistrusting his own discretion, and ruminating, anticipated the pleasure he should have in playing so uncommon a character as he was going to exhibit. His impatience did not let him long postpone his desired satisfaction. Almost as soon as he arrived at Paris he obtained it; and accident was so much his friend, that instead of having only the pleasure of seeing his brother, as he proposed, he supped with him the very first night, being introduced by an Irish officer, who had an intimacy at the *hotel* of the musqueteers.

If he was at first excited by nothing but curiosity, to keep his eyes constantly fixed upon the musqueteer, he was soon sensible that the force

of

of nature was still stronger, which recalled his attention against his will. During the whole night, he could not one instant withdraw his eyes from a face, whose every feature awakened in his heart some tender sentiment. His brother, on his side, was secretly agitated by the same power; but this he at first imputed to that embarrassment, which the constant attention of a stranger must naturally create; but finding it increase, with a kind of prejudice in favour of this very stranger, he could not account for it; and he at length concluded it to be one of those sympathetic *penchants* which sometimes influence the heart, and which dispose us to esteem those we are unacquainted with.

They retired with a strong inclination of meeting again. The musqueteer was the more solicitous for it, as he knew of no measures that

were to be kept; and therefore the next day he desired the Irish officer, who had introduced this agreeable companion, to make them better acquainted. Thus, then, they kept each other's company, whilst their mutual inclination daily increased, and they at length became almost inseparable: in a word, they were, for some months, the Castor and Pollux of Paris, and, as a constellation, attracted the attention of all inquisitive beholders. The ill-natured world began to reason with respect to a friendship that so much resembled a passion. At a time when such familiarities and affection were not always founded in innocence, some slanderous tongues chose to brand their connection with an unnatural stigma. Such at least was the pretext of the elder brother for having revealed the secret. Moreover, he had no reason

to

to suspect that his indiscretion would have been so fatal to the musqueteer; and those who upbraid him with weakness do not, however, pronounce him criminal for yielding to the impulse of his natural feelings."

C H A P. XXIV.

Sequel of the history of the adopted son.

“**T**HE musqueteer was one day expressing his surprise at the strong inclination he had of constantly being with his unknown brother, and at his great propensity for loving him; it was now that the elder brother could no longer withhold the secret from him, or refrain from embracing him with tenderness, at the same time substituting the word brother for friend. He, nevertheless, immediately subjoined all the reasons which should induce both of them to act with caution in this respect, in imparting to him the discourse which had passed between him and the musqueteer’s supposed mother; and concluded with intimating his fears, that she might behave

behave to her adopted son in the manner she had threatened, if she perceived the least relaxation on his side, with respect to tenderness and affection.

“Whatever emotions the musqueteer felt in his breast upon this discovery, he promised, or however, to keep within such bounds as were prescribed him; and they then settled in what manner they should behave. To pay respect and regard to an amiable and generous lady, could not appear a very difficult task; which they agreed, by oath, never to swerve from. Indeed the testimonies which she expected were such, as could no way embarrass any young gentleman well brought up, as his own disposition, without compulsion, would have induced him to offer them.

“But the danger lay on another side. The idea of a mother, whom

he had never seen, and who incessantly recurred to his mind under every attracting form, greatly disturbed his tranquility. The desire of seeing her became an insupportable torment to him. He opened his mind to his brother upon this head, who painted to him, in lively colours, his apprehensions, exhorting him to gain more empire over his sentiments; but this counsel was not attended to. Even the frustration of all his hopes did not appear to him as an evil that should divert his design; but this he thought could never be the case, as he did not imagine that she, who was, he thought, solely actuated by generosity in all that she had done for him, could ever be offended to see him give way to those sentiments which were as just as they were natural, especially when he should solemnly declare to her they should

should no way affect those which she had a right to expect from him. His brother exerted all his endeavours to make him lay aside this thought — but in vain ; he sat out with the design of opening his heart to his benefactress, and to entreat her to allow him to make a voyage to England.

“ He was received by her with her usual marks of affection. She had no suspicion of any thing that had passed ; and her affection for this dear son was now at its summit. He had, nevertheless, scarce began to explain himself, ere she discovered what he was going upon. Her indignation was fired to that degree, that it eclipsed all her other sentiments. “ They have ruined, you” said she, interrupting him, “ I from this moment cease to be your mother, since you’re no longer ig-

"norant whole son you are. Go
 "back to those who have done you
 "this kind office, and never appear
 "again in my sight." So great
 was her jealousy, that, upon saying
 these last words, she immediately re-
 tired to her closet, where she locked
 herself in all alone, without listening
 a moment to the prayers and in-
 treaties of the youth. He at length
 concluded that his reasoning had de-
 ceived him; but the evil which he
 began to dread affecting him far less than
 what he thought the duty he owed
 to nature, he resolved rather to re-
 nounce his claims to fortune, than
 to give up those obligations which
 he thought incumbent on a youth
 of family, who should consider no-
 thing so dear as those who gave him
 breath. This resolution did not,
 however, prevent the renewal of his
 endeavours to soften a heart whose
 affection

affection he considered as placed in the first rank after that he bore his real mother. He was beloved by the servants, who had been accustomed to treat him like their master; so that, by their assistance, he gained admittance into the lady's apartment, notwithstanding the rigorous injunctions she had laid upon her attendants to the contrary. At the sight of him she was upon the point of flying from the room he entered; but he threw himself at her feet, and interrupted her passage.

“ This was a most uncommon scene : jealousy, affection, and rage, by turns, animated her. However, it at length ended in a kind of composition on both sides. The lady promised to continue her friendship towards him, and to forget the offence he had given her, on condition that he would engage not to go to England,

land, and never to call the Scotch lady (whom she considered as her rival) mother in her presence. On his part the musqueteer gave his word, but in the most equivocal terms, to obey in every thing the lady whom he should love all his life-time as his mother, and never to undertake any thing that might give her the least uneasiness. He placed his hope in escaping by this mental reservation, and to find some favourable opportunity of going secretly to England.

“Peace being restored by this happy treaty, some months elapsed whilst he was concerting his measures to make a secret voyage to England; and he put them in execution at the time the court was at Fontainebleau, when he obtained leave of absence for three weeks, without any one of his friends having the least suspicion of

of his departure. In fine, fate, who had decreed that he should not inherit this lady's fortune, resolved that his benefactress should be taken ill of a violent fever during his absence, and thinking, in her lucid intervals, that her end approached, she most ardently wished to see him. He was accordingly wrote to, but the letters never reached him; equally fruitless was the search made after him, till it was at length discovered by some of the officers of the corps, that he was gone over to England.

“ This news, which was too inadvertently related to his benefactress, no sooner reached her, than it threw her into the most violent agonies, in which she expired, revoking her former will in her adopted son's favour, considering him as the most ungrateful of human beings, and leaving

leaving her whole fortune to a convent.

“ The mind of the unfortunate musqueteer was greatly agitated at this unexpected stroke : every thing now seemed to ruffle him, though the real source of his uneasiness was in his own breast, there engendered by his adopted mother’s cruelty and revenge. As he could not brook an affront, he was always cautious of giving one ; but his disposition now was inclined to construe the slightest insinuation into insult, and being in company where his own story was told by another officer, who did not know him, it was considered by him as so great an outrage upon decency, that he immediately called the officer out, when drawing, his antagonist fell in the conflict. It was necessary for the musqueteer to make

a precipitate escape, and he flew to England, where he soon found himself destitute of money or protection.

Such, Sir, continued the stranger, is my story, as I am this very musqueteer, whose expectations from the summit of fortune are now reduced to the mean necessity of imploring the benevolence of those, who, because they are richer, fancy themselves greater than myself."

nothing to an author to write one, two, three, or three dozen volumes, especially about himself, as you appear to be an wonderful person; nor is this any way contradictory to Pope's opinion, for I take it to be founded entirely in vanity: yet I never was so tired of any subject in my life, and if the reader would excuse me, I would at this instant drop the pen, and annihilate your story and his name;—not but that I have

C H A P

C H A P. XXV.

Animadversions upon the merit and recompence of authors, in the shape of a conversation between a bookseller and a genius—wherein some great names are mentioned, and some great names are passed over.

IT should seem that it would cost nothing to an author to write one, two, three, or three dozen volumes, especially about himself, as *egotism* appears to be an *universal passion*; nor is this any way contradictory to Pope's opinion, for I take it to be founded entirely in vanity: yet I never was so tired of any subject in my life, and if the reader would excuse me, I would at this instant drop the pen, and annihilate *Jack Atall* and his *editor*; — not but that I have

a great deal *more* to say, and what is still *more*—greatly to the purpose.

It is, however, some consolation for me to find, upon this occasion, that I have got rid of that filthy distemper, which has made, and still makes, such havock in this metropolis, namely, the *cacoethes scribendi*, for it has ever been my opinion (till now) that the scheme of some great geniusses for instituting an hospital for authors and poets was entirely superfluous, as a proper provision is already made for them in the North side of Moorfields, amongst the *incurables*. But that this opinion is not universally adopted (especially in Pater-noster-row) the following conversation will in some degree evince.

A bookseller of my acquaintance (who by the way was no fool) used to say “That an author resembles a prostitute; her virginity is generally
“ rally

“ rally given up for the *pure desire*
 “ of parting with it; but those who
 “ come after pay for the loss she be-
 “ fore sustained—An author generally
 “ gives up his first-fruits for the sake
 “ of seeing himself in print; but
 “ makes *ample reprisals* upon his fu-
 “ ture booksellers for the generosity
 “ with which he parted with his
 “ *literary maidenhead.*”

I agreed with him in the simile in
 part, but we never could settle the
ample reprisals to our mutual satis-
 faction; for having read Ralph's
 Case of Authors, I reminded him of
 this passage: “ There is no differ-
 “ ence between the writer in his
 “ garret and the slave in the mines;
 “ but that the former has his situa-
 “ tion in the air, and the latter in the
 “ bowels of the earth: both have
 “ their tasks assigned them alike:
 “ both must drudge and starve, and
 “ neither

"neither can hope for deliverance.

"The compiler must compile; the

"composer must compose on, sick

"or well; in spirit, or out; whether

"furnished with matter or not, till

"by the joint pressure of labour, pe-

"nury, and sorrow, he has worn

"out his parts, his constitution, and

"all the little stock of reputation he

"had acquired among the trade, who

"are all that perhaps ever heard of

"his name."

"Sir, my bookseller would reply,

"Mr. Ralph is the most ungenerous

"and ungrateful of men, to make

"such a reflection upon an honest,

"industrious, and, I may say, ho-

"nourable body of people, as they

"always *amply* rewarded him, and

"enabled him, not only to live at

"ease, but even in luxury, and al-

"most in idleness."

He

He says indeed, I answered, "there
 " have been times, when the talents
 " of a good writer were esteemed a
 " sufficient qualification for almost
 " any employment whatsoever, and
 " when room was left or made for
 " their admission; yet poor Amhurst,
 " after having been the drudge of
 " his party for the best part of twenty
 " years together, was as much for-
 " got in the famous compromise of
 " 1742, as if he had never been
 " born! and when he died of what
 " he called a broken heart, which
 " happened within a few months
 " afterwards, became indebted to the
 " charity of his very bookseller for
 " a grave."

" Well, resumed my friend, I am
 " glad to find he'll do us some justice.
 " As to the m—ry, you know, it is
 " not in our power to prevail upon
 " them to pension every author who
 " may

“ may chuse to abuse them : but
 “ does he pass over in silence all the
 “ *posted* authors of this æra ?”

“ No, I replied, he says Somers,
 “ it is true, was a lawyer, orator, and
 “ statesman ; and yet he was more
 “ obliged to his pen than his plead-
 “ ings (with an exception to that of
 “ the abdication) for those distinc-
 “ tions which gradually led him to the
 “ highest offices in the power of the
 “ crown to bestow on him. Mr. Locke
 “ had tried his hand in the service
 “ of the Excluders for the sake of
 “ mankind ; and though it must be
 “ allowed that he was more a phi-
 “ losopher than a politician, it was
 “ not in the former of these capaci-
 “ ties that he was honoured with a
 “ seat at the board of trade. Dave-
 “ nant was not eminent in his own
 “ walk of civil law, at least as a
 “ pleader, nor was he ever promoted.

“ in

“ in it; and yet in acknowledgment
 “ of his power as a political writer,
 “ we find the place of inspector-
 “ general of the customs created
 “ purposely for his gratification.—
 “ Prior not only found friends to
 “ applaud his abilities, but also to
 “ reward them; Sunderland was the
 “ *earl Robert* he addressed his muse
 “ to; so we need not wonder he had
 “ a seat in p——t (there was then
 “ no qualification-act:) that he was
 “ sent to the embassy of Ryswick,
 “ and to that of France. Swift had
 “ a natural claim to all that Sir Wil-
 “ liam Temple could do for him,
 “ had been personally known to king
 “ William, and was introduced to
 “ lord Godolphin by the elder Craggs,
 “ as a man worthy any price or pre-
 “ ferment, without deriving any ma-
 “ terial advantage for his surpassing
 “ genius; but, having commenced

“ advocate for lord Oxford, was re-
 “ warded with the deanery of St. Pa-
 “ trick’s. Addison and his advance-
 “ ment hardly need be mentioned,
 “ the instance is so notorious; but
 “ every body may not so readily
 “ recollect that his party-services con-
 “ tributed more to it, than all his
 “ laudable efforts to refine our man-
 “ ners and perfect our taste. Nor
 “ was Steele, his subordinate, abso-
 “ lutely forgot, as his share in the
 “ play-house patent serves to bear
 “ witness; and I believe if we were
 “ to search the records of the trea-
 “ sury, we should find proofs of his
 “ being farther considered in a more
 “ silent way. Even the great Wal-
 “ pole himself, like the great Mon-
 “ tague lord Halifax, whom he suc-
 “ ceeded, did not disdain to make his
 “ approaches to power by writing, as
 “ well as speaking; and several of
 “ his

“ his pieces are still extant in the
 “ collections of persons curious in
 “ these matters.—I will not specify
 “ the many dignified names, in all
 “ capacities of persons now living,
 “ who have either obtained those
 “ dignities, or added signal emo-
 “ luments to them by the exer-
 “ cise of the pen, for fear of shock-
 “ ing that delicacy which renders
 “ them content with the fruits of
 “ their former labours, and desirous
 “ the labours should be forgot; —
 “ but Thomas Gordon is dead—and
 “ with *his*, as the *last* of the lucky
 “ names of this roll worth remem-
 “ bering, I shall close my list.”

I was not a little surprised that my
 friend had patience to hear me; but
 upon recollection I attributed this
 condescension to the nature of the
 subject, as it displayed the ingratitude
 of the race of authors, and the gene-
 rosity

rosity and beneficence of their patrons, amongst the foremost of whom a bookseller constantly places himself. However, when I had got thus far, my friend resumed——“ Close the
 “ list, ay, without inserting his own
 “ name! did Mr. Barebones forget
 “ that he was bought off from the
 “ Protestor in 1753, with a handsome
 “ pension; or is he amongst the num-
 “ ber of those *who are content with*
 “ *the fruits of their former labour;*
 “ *and desirous the labours should be*
 “ *forgot?* No doubt of it; or else
 “ he would have the world know,
 “ when so fair an opportunity offered,
 “ that *Ralph* and *Barebones* were sy-
 “ nonymous names for the same
 “ person.”

C H A P. XXVII.

An olio of good things, tossed up according to the Shaftsburian system, which may be either swallowed whole, or taken as spoon-meat, by those who have lost their eye-teeth.

THE reader has by this time perhaps, in some degree, laid aside his partiality against writers, and may probably not be ashamed to be seen in their company, considering what honourable names can be boasted of in the list, even of pensioned and party authors. It is some consolation to a mortal in distress, to think he may rise by his present pursuit; and if every man in an army had no farther chance than to be shot at for six-pence a day, I very much question whether a general desertion would not ensue, notwithstanding

standing the mutiny, bill is at this hour in full force. Hope, and hope alone, gilds the nauseous potion of misery, and opens a perspective to our fancy beyond Olympus' height. How pleasing is it to read lord Shaftsbury, and consider with him that, "Authors at large, are in a manner professed masters of understanding to the age!" We are the people that must think, reason, explain, and expound for the whole nation: our ideas are in fact the general stock of knowledge of the period; so that if we are broke, an universal bankruptcy of good sense must ensue. How careful, then, should every constituent of the republic of letters be, that their representatives should never by necessity be driven to argue against their consciences; or, in a fit of despair, renounce their future aid to the commonweal of understanding?

But such is the force of prejudice, and such the degeneracy of the age, that though authors are acknowledged to be the buttresses of learning and good sense, they are constantly despised, because they are constantly supposed to be also the virtual representatives of poverty; and, as a certain writer says, *a rich man's jest is better received than another man's jest, and a stink so recommended becomes a law; and if we had a Shakespear, a Milton, or a Newton now existing among us, who should come into what is called good company in dirty linen for want of clean, and a Chartres, a Lascel, or a Lowther, a Walters, or a Crieslen, out of sordidness did the same, merely to save the charge of washing, the latter would be courted and carressed, and the former would hardly be acknowledged; the most notorious abuse of wealth not being able to render the abuser of it contemptible,*

or talents the most sublime, to render poverty otherwise.

The poverty of writers is a greater stigma upon the public than it is upon themselves; we read their works, gain instruction from their labours, laugh at their wit, and then immediately laugh at their poverty. It is a vulgar notion, and as such an erroneous one, that poets and authors should be kept low to make them write well; for it is impossible for a man to have sublime ideas, whilst he is contemplating where to get a dinner. It is my opinion, that a man who never soars higher than *Porter*, may write a good treatise upon hops and malt; but that Burgundy and Champaign only can invoke the muse of poetry, or inspire the true *vis comica*.

I shall conclude this chapter, and this dissertation upon authors, with a fragment that I accidentally found in

a certain coffee-house near St. Paul's,
during the late political contest.

“ In a word, an author is a phœ-
“ nomenon, and though it would be
“ a little unpopular at present, since
“ lord B—— has been discarded and
“ disclaimed by both parties (the *Ins*
“ and *Outs*) to say we resemble an
“ *aurora borealis*, yet we really look
“ upon ourselves as fully incompre-
“ hensible as the northern lights, and
“ as yet equally misrepresented as the
“ milky way.

“ Gods! what a thought was there
“ for an author—he might feed upon
“ it, at least for a month, even in a
“ dearth of herbage and scandal—
“ but mum, my printer is knocking
“ at the door for a reply to *Anti-Se-*
“ *janus's* last letter, and a yellow-boy
“ is one of the prettiest medals, I
“ (though a deep virtuoso) know this
“ day extant.”

C H A P. XXVIII.

A second elopement—the effect it has upon the author—his useless endeavours to discover Fanny—her present connection, &c.

IT is high time to think what is become of Mr. Atall: we left him with the marquetier at the ordinary; but if he has set there ever since, we are afraid he has a long score to pay, and nothing but a long face to pay it with.

Though Fanny was of an easy tractable disposition, and had, perhaps, some kind of affection for Jack; yet the change in his circumstances, and the necessity she found herself under, to exert her talents merely to exist, did not entirely square with the plan she had chalked out to herself in her elope-

elopement from Cranbourn-alley: she had painted to herself a very pretty perspective of ease, affluence, and brilliance; and she had so much of the disposition of those insects she daily coloured, that she was resolved the first opportunity that offered, to change from a manufacturer of butterflies to a butterfly herself.

She had still some tolerable good cloaths to appear in, and as she had taste in putting them on, she was, when dressed, a very attractive figure.

Going one day along Pall-mall, she was accosted by a very tall man, who abruptly asked her, "Pray, Ma'am, do you go into company?" The extraordinariness of the question somewhat surprised her, and she very innocently answered, *she did not understand him.* He then told her, if she was not engaged, he could introduce her to a man of the first fashion, who

who would make her a very handsome allowance. All the *butterfly* now prevailed, and she was introduced that very evening to Sir J——, at the Bedford Arms.

Novelty alone has always sufficient charms for that gentleman; but Fanny had some stronger attractions: her person has already been cursorily described, and she was still in the prime of youth, and the vigour of health.

She passed that evening at Maulby's, and the next day, having twenty guineas in her pocket, she took genteel lodgings in York-buildings, and disposed of every farthing of the money in cloaths before night, Sir J—— having laid severe injunctions upon her not to go near Atall, or his chambers, lest he should prevail upon her to return to him.

Jack passed a very disagreeable night, and was greatly shocked when he read
the

the next day, in the news-papers, of a young woman who had drowned herself in the New River; he immediately concluded that it was Fanny; and walked to Islington in the utmost anxiety of mind, imputing her death intirely to the misfortunes he had brought upon her. He was, however, for the present, agreeably disappointed in finding it another person: but upon his return, his consternation renewed on hearing no tidings of her. He was still of opinion that some accident must have befallen her, as she had left all her cloaths behind, except those she had on, and had never given him the least intimation that she was displeased at his behaviour, or had formed any design of leaving him.

In this state of perplexity, he drew up an advertisement, wherein he earnestly intreated her to return, promising if any thing had given her the least

least displeasure, to tax his utmost abilities to remove it; at the same time representing his distracted state of mind, and the dreadful apprehensions he laboured under that some accident had befallen her.

After he read it over, as her person was therein clearly described, he was apprehensive, that if she were still living, her delicacy would be shocked at seeing herself advertised, and if she were dead, he concluded it would be of no signification to advertise her. This logic had some influence in dissuading him from his design; but the more powerful rhetoric of necessity so irresistibly pleaded, that he presently laid aside the thought.

Four days elapsed before he knew what was become of her, in which neither his bookseller, his printer, or all the devils that were let loose upon him, could prevail with him to write
a line,

a line, or correct a single proof: Fanny was constantly uppermost in his thoughts, and it was at present a matter of great indifference to him whether the king of Prussia had raised the siege of Prague, whether the Russians had traversed Livonia, or whether the Catabaws and the Twigtwies had entered into an alliance with the Chickisaws and the Iroquois: though these were matters of great importance, and such as it was the indispensible duty of every journalist to argue and reason upon.



END of VOL. I.

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